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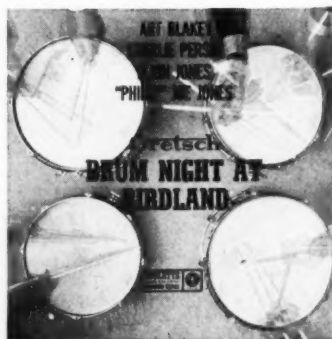


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THE FIRST CHORUS

At the very moment that you pick up this issue, a Japanese-language edition of *Down Beat* is on sale on newsstands throughout Japan.

We are proud that the first foreign language edition of any American music magazine is a reality. (*Reader's Digest* and *True Story* are the only other American consumer magazines published in Japanese.)

Japanese *Down Beat* is a monthly, printed and published in Tokyo under our license and direction. Its newsstand price of 180 yen (50 cents) is indicative of its high quality of printing and layout . . . and the willingness of the Japanese to pay a relatively high price to read about American music.

Each issue contains all of our record reviews, plus most features, columns, and departments. (George Crater is the only one as yet lost in translation.) Japanese and other Far East entertainment news make up the balance

of each 84-page issue. Its original cover art and body design are outstanding.

Why a foreign-language *Down Beat*? And why in Japanese? We think the answers are simple enough.

It is obvious that American music, particularly jazz, is our most popular and unique export. We also get the impression that *Down Beat* is the accepted spokesman for American music, most particularly jazz, abroad. In the last several years our newsstand distribution of *Down Beat* (in English) has been steadily extended until today it is on sale in 52 countries. Reports from the United States Information Agency indicate that *Down Beat* is not only one of the few American magazines carried in all their libraries in 72 countries, but also ranks first after the Sears, Roebuck catalog in reader demand. Subscriptions, including many expensive airmail orders, regularly go to every country in the world except Communist China (that is officially—we know that several copies each issue make it to mainland China via diplomatic pouch and somebody's instrument case).

In analyzing our acceptance abroad, we believe the language barrier to be a major problem only in the Far East. In Western Europe, especially Scandinavia, any potential reader of *Down Beat* is at an age when English is a strong second language. (In Eastern Europe, where easy access to *Down Beat* is denied, secondhand copies bring as high as \$5 on the black market.) Latin America is fair for *Down Beat*. The existence of a vigorous native popular music tends to minimize the acceptance of American (North) music. Inadequate means of distribution in the Near East and Africa present more difficulty for us than language.

In the Far East, we do well, of course, in the English-speaking countries of Australia, New Zealand, India, and the Philippines. Singapore, Hong Kong, and Thailand (the king and others) have their native *Down Beat* readers.

But it is Japan, with its 90,000,000 people circumstantially committed to the West, that is *Down Beat's* best potential customer. The first important Western music to enter Japan in the 19th century was European. Today it is American music, jazz, that the young Japanese considers important. Not only important musically but as a sociopolitical symbol of individualism. To satisfy this desire and to bring a better understanding of ourselves to as many Japanese people as possible, we are publishing the Japanese-language edition.

It behooves us, as invited guests, to at least speak the language.



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RAYMOND E. POWERS

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

205 West Monroe Street

Chicago 6, Illinois

Financial 6-7811

Editorial—Eugene Lees, Don DeMicheal

Advertising Sales—Charles Suber,

Richard Theriault

REGIONAL OFFICES

370 Lexington Avenue

New York 17, New York

Murray Hill 6-1833

Editorial—George Hoefler

Advertising Sales—Mel Mandel

6269 Selma Avenue

(at Hollywood and Vine)

Hollywood 28, California

Hollywood 3-3268

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ON THE COVER

The fastest-rising group in jazz today is the Jazztet, which recently won the new talent award in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll. The leaders of the group, Art Farmer and Benny Golson, are seen in a happy mood in this fine portrait by Ted Williams, who also took all the photos that go with the story of the Jazztet that begins on page 30.

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September 1, 1960 • 5

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HERB POMEROY

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Handicapped

Three cheers for the Ray Charles article in the July 7 issue! It's a courageous step in showing people that because a person is handicapped is no reason for him or her to give up the desire to be a productive member of society. Ray's whole life, from the poverty-ridden section of Greenfield, Fla., to his worldwide success as an accomplished musician, is evidence of this.

Perhaps of interest to you would be the fact that during a recent stage show, presented for inmates of the Correctional Training Facility (of which I must count myself), Virgil Gonsalves and his group jammed for an appreciative audience of more than 2,000 men. I doubt that a more appreciative group could be found anywhere. The encored him back for an hour and a half . . .

Soledad, Calif.

Pete Dunham

Musician Bites Critic

This letter is in regard to the record review of my album *Jazz for Young Moderns* in the July 21 issue.

Besides being highly insulting, Don DeMicheal uses no tact whatsoever. Who does he think he is? How can a man have so much hate in his soul (if he has one)?

First he accuses me of being hungry for "status and acceptance" by "coming on" in my liner notes. Nat Hentoff was originally supposed to write the notes, but since there was a long delay in the release (it was recorded in 1957), I was asked to send the information for the liner notes. I merely stated facts. What should I have said? "I just graduated from high school, have had no musical experience, but this company is letting me record just for fun?"

Furthermore, I have been accepted by my fellow jazz musicians, and that's more important to me. Who needs you, Mr. DeMicheal, or your hate-filled kind, for support?

Leonard Feather has given the album a good review in *Playboy* magazine. Also, Bob Zieff's writing (which is far beyond your comprehension) was written of highly.

According to Don DeMicheal, I am incapable of solo space on my own album. According to me, he is incapable of judging any kind of musical work.

Hollywood, Calif.

Tony Ortega

Don't Forget Lunceford

I read with great interest the Count Basie article in the April 28 issue. His is indeed a remarkably fine orchestra, especially in the light of the fact that many of today's big bands have a tendency toward heaviness and imbalance, and that they too often smother a selection by overdoing it.

To my ear, none of the many fine bands that have passed in review prior to and during World War II has exceeded

the fine qualities of the Jimmie Lunceford Band. His was a band with a true ensemble touch. His was what you might call a spoiler band; that is, after listening to it, most others are pale in comparison.

At any rate, I can say that none of the swing bands of his day or today punctuated rhythm so tastefully and skillfully as did this fine aggregation . . .

From what I've read and heard, it seem that many people have never even heard of Lunceford. This is a shame. It's analogous to having eaten ground steak for a good while and then suddenly coming onto a choice sirloin.

Peoria, Ill.

Phil Ward

Nick LaRocca Speaks

Don DeMicheal's review of the H. O. Brunn book, *The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band*, shows the type of people who infest the world today. Who are these "jazzophiles" who claim the ODJB played corny and ragtime music? It seems that he is using the words of Marshall Stearns, who sets himself up as a prophet and the high priest of jazz. He was not on this earth when the ODJB created and introduced to the world a new cycle of music called jazz.

The white man has no chance to tell his story, but the colored man's words are always true to the pro-Communists who set up a racket to make money on a medium that they have not added to. They make their history by lip, not documented truth—the workings of men who are prejudiced in their thinking. They do not know what is truth. They blind themselves and try to create their own history and ideas and foist them on the unsuspecting public like the Russians do. They use the same methods—not truth but cover the truth.

The original manuscript by Mr. Brunn would have included the colored man's early efforts, but with the racial question that is now raging in the U.S., the university which printed it (Louisiana State), being in the south, did not want this kind of controversial book. The part the colored man played was eliminated from the manuscript, but this was not my intention of a book that was to include all. But the story was of the ODJB and was meant to tell what we did, where we played, and all about the successes of this great band, a band that these "prophets" tried to destroy with their lies, etc.

But DeMicheal is a brainwashed new-comer and speaks for this man Stearns, who, starting in 1936, printed many untrue stories about this band and who milked the Guggenheim foundation grant to find that jazz rhythm came from Africa only to discover later that the natives knew nothing about this jazz music. I do not know if this is the same Stearns who created the talking mule Frances and who was to create the talking jackasses of jazz. This man Stearns found great

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pleasure in eliminating the white man's place in jazz history . . . If I said that the colored man has not added to jazz, I would not be telling the truth. He has added and so has the white man, but they had to have a model to begin with. The ODJB was that model that they all copied from.

Now for some pertinent questions. Where were all these colored bands when the ODJB was the greatest success to hit Broadway in 50 years when they opened at Reisenweber's in 1917? I am sure De-Micheal was not around just as I'm sure this high priest wasn't. And they are coming many years after I retired with hate and prejudice against a white man because he was from the south. To print lies looks like they are still fighting the Civil war.

I will give you dates as to who came to New York, etc., after the tremendous success of the ODJB. Agents were sent scurrying to New Orleans to hire bands which were supposed to play the rhythm as played by the ODJB. The very first band to come was the Original Creole Ragtime Band, which opened at Dolodrina's Club Montmartre on Broadway. They were featured in the act of Clifton Webb and Gloria Goodwin in March, 1917 . . . and they played for the patrons' dancing, too. Their stay was two weeks, and they ran them out the back door. They possessed no jazz, yet these mealy-mouthed prophets write the story as if the band had an extended engagement.

If you call this throwing them out the back door extended, it's okay by me. They (the writers) have it that they (the Original Creole Ragtime Band) were in New York in 1916. This is the lip work of these men who are so prejudiced that they cannot see the truth, and they make up a story that Keppard was asked to record for the Victor company but that he refused, saying he didn't want the world to copy his stuff.

How these lying buzzards put words into this man's mouth can be found in the dusty files at the Victor company. The Creole Ragtime Band did record for Victor on Dec. 2, 1918, almost two years after the ODJB. They will find written under the test record, "Destroyed, not fit for publication." Does this answer these liars? The title they recorded was *Tackling 'Em Down*. All this I give you is history, not lip work. I defy anyone to look these dates over and let the public know the truth.

There was no discrimination against the colored man either in New Orleans or New York City, since before the ODJB opened on Broadway it was colored men who held all the top jobs: Tony Puck at the Beaux Cafe; Ford Dabney's Syncopated Orchestra, Ziegfeld Roof; Will Vodrey, Century Roof (Coconut Grove) were there as well as Broadway Jones' Cleft Club Society Orchestra, Jim Europe's Castles in the Air, and W. C. Cook's orchestra. Does this look like discrimination? But the coming of the ODJB changed all that, and white men who started imitations of the ODJB soon had Broadway whitewash again . . . and soon the colored man disappeared from Broadway.

In *Variety*, Dec. 26, 1918, is probably the last advertisement of the Seven Kings of Ragtime (a New Orleans Creole band managed by Bill Johnson). They were appearing, at this time, in an act at a theater on 42nd St. and tie in with the Victor date. What happened to them after this date is anyone's guess, but they were a failure at jazz on Broadway and a failure at recording jazz at the Victor company.

Now we take the case of Joe Oliver coming to record almost seven years after the ODJB with younger men like Armstrong, Dodds, and Lil Hardin. This will show that the ODJB spread jazz to the four winds. Let's take a listen to Joe playing *Just Gone*. It was certainly an appropriate name as the tune is none other than *The Billboard March*, a tune I played in many of the carnival parades before I went to Chicago. Little Louie is playing a rhythm pattern that is a stop I used on *St. Louis Blues*. Joe had two cornets to record with; Nick LaRocca had only himself.

Now play the Oliver record of *Canal St. Blues* and hear . . . Larry Shields clarinet part of *St. Louis Blues* played almost identically by Johnny Dodds, showing that Dodds was influenced by ODJB recordings.

Grab Louis Armstrong's record of *Sweet Little Papa* and hear *Ostrich Walk* lifted by these Negroes . . . Louis came nine years too late and had the ODJB to model his playing on . . .

I am in hopes that you print this letter and give fair play to your readers so they might breathe a little truth . . . History, when compiled in the near future, will give credit due this great band which the pro-Communists write drivel about.

Tell all these prophets that the Ford foundation granted \$75,000 to get at the truth of this jazz. They are privileged to send all their views to the Archives of Jazz at Tulane university where I believe they will be glad to receive the documents recording from 1900-25. Tell Stearns all his writings are to be found there, as I personally placed them there so they could be evaluated by future historians who will look for the truth on jazz music.

With no malice to anyone, I ask you to print this letter, because never in my life have I ever discriminated against the colored man or any man but have tried to defend the place that the ODJB justly deserves in American musical culture. New Orleans, La.

D. James (Nick) LaRocca
Leader and manager, ODJB,
now in retirement, past 71 years

Crater Unmasked?

Now, you aren't fooling anyone! Everybody knows that Hyman R. Fenster is really George Crater.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil Claudio M. Leao

Oops!

In the June 9 issue in your article on Buddy Rich an Atlanta, Ga. club was referred to as the Top of the Pole . . . The correct name is the Top of the Stairs.

Congratulations on a fine magazine.
Atlanta, Ga. Richard Fleming

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Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. Last summer, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

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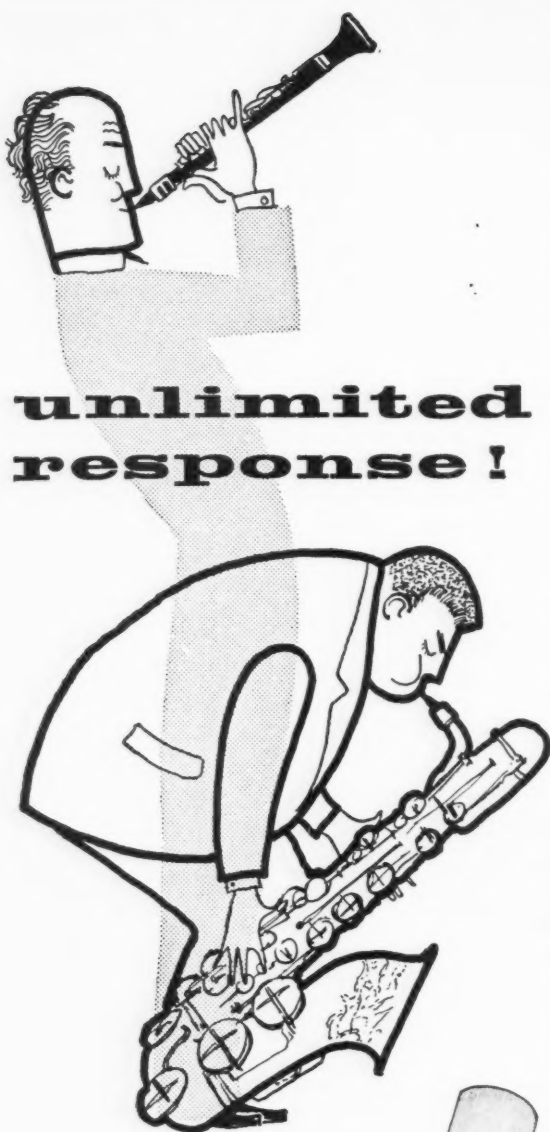


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NEW YORK

European tours for jazz artists are being lined up for fall. The **Harold Davison** booking office in London is scheduling a long continental junket for the **Louis Armstrong** All-Stars starting in late October. It is unlikely that Armstrong will visit Britain on the trip. Other U.S. groups being considered include those of **Thelonious Monk**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **J. J. Johnson**, **Red Nichols**, and **George Shearing** . . . Trumpeter **Muggsy Spanier**, recently in England as a visitor, discussed with agent Davison the possibility of touring the Continent and Britain with his own band, which would include **Jess Stacy** or **Ralph Sutton**, piano; **Edmond Hall**, clarinet; **Vic Dickenson**, trombone, and **Truck Parham**, bass . . . Singer **Dakota Staton** is due for a two-week tour of England in November. She is expected to head a concert package show, which may include groups led by **Art Blakey** and **Horace Silver** . . . **Carmen McRae** has been booked by **Vic Lewis** to tour England with a show to be called *Jazz from Britain* in October. Billed with her will be such English jazz artists as the **Ronnie Scott** and **Jimmie Deuchar** and their quintet, **Tubby Hayes** Quartet, and the **Vic Ash-Harry Klein** Jazz Five . . . Blues singer **Joe Turner** is being set for a tour abroad in November.



Armstrong

Miriam Makeba, South Africa's new sound, appeared in an international folk festival show at the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire room. Her repertoire included a New Orleans blues number, a Jewish folk song, an Indonesian lullabye, and songs of her own Xosa tribe. She was accompanied by **Perry Lopez**, guitar, and **Tommy Lopez**, drums . . . **Chris Connor**'s songs were taped on the spot by Atlantic Records at the Brandywine Music Box in Concordville, Pa. The album will be titled *Chris under Canvas*.

Out in northern New Jersey, on U.S. Highway 46, is a place called the Melody Top, with a seating capacity of 2,000. It is the site of the former Pine Brook, N. J., show tent. This summer **Anthony Pio Costa**, a paving contractor and avid jazz fan, decided to do something to promote his favorite music. Since he owns the land on which the Melody Top is located, he determined to have a summer jazz festival lasting a month. He signed up the following attractions for five nights each: **George Shearing** Quintet, **Chris Connor** and her trio alternating with the **J. J. Johnson** Sextet, the **Woody Herman** Orchestra, and the **Ahmad Jamal** Trio. The **Brothers Four**, plus the **Kai Winding** Septet, came in for one Sunday night performance.



Spanier

The **John Handy** Quartet filled in at the Showplace while bassist **Charles Mingus** played the European Jazz festival on the French Riviera . . . The new historical amusement park in the Bronx, Freedomland, has a spot known as the Plantation House in the New Orleans section. Trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham** leads a band garbed in red jackets, gray bow ties, and straw hats. The personnel is **Herman Autrey**, trumpet; **Higginbotham**, trombone; **Cliff Jackson**, piano; **Herbie Lovelle**, drums, and **Gene Sedric**, clarinet. The press

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down beat

Down Beat

September 1, 1960

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OPERATION RESCUE FOR FESTIVAL

The night the Newport festival collapsed, there was gloom abroad in the land of jazz.

And as many members of the profession anticipated, the tremors spread quickly. First of the festivals to go under was that at French Lick, Ind. Sponsored by the Sheraton hotel chain, the French Lick festival's chief purpose had been not to do something for jazz but to do something for the Sheraton hotel chain: boost business. And when Newport folded, Sheraton officials, with no deep interest in the art form of jazz, just wanted out — fast. They announced cancellation of the event.

After that, it seemed like a matter of time before the jazz festivals which, no matter what their faults, had done so much for jazz, fell over like a line of dominoes.

That is the way the pros were looking at the situation. But the pros figured without a petroleum geologist named Hal Lobree.

Lobree, a University of Texas geologist now living in Evansville, Ind., is a jazz fan who talks like a booking agent. When he read of the Sheraton chain's pull-out at French Lick, he too saw the writing on the wall. "I really figured jazz was going to go down the drain," he said later.

The difference between Lobree and other jazz fans pondering the picture was that he was in a position to do something about it. Lobree has brought in several oil wells in recent years, and, as a result, is a wealthy man at 35. He has one further asset: incredible enthusiasm.

Immediately he telephoned Sheraton officials, and the conversation went something like this:

Lobree: You're stuck with all the contracts you signed for French Lick, right?

Sheraton: Right.

Lobree: How much money are you on the hook for?

Sheraton: Fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.

Lobree: You'd like to get off the hook, right?

Sheraton: Right.

Lobree: Are any other cities negotiating to take over the festival?

Sheraton: St. Louis and Cincinnati.

Lobree: What's the status of the negotiations?

Sheraton: They're going to let us know.

Lobree (thinking quickly whether he could get support from Evansville city officials, then deciding there wasn't time to find out and he would have to gamble with his own money): I'll take it. You can check my bank in Evansville and Dun and Bradstreet. They'll tell you I'm good for the money. How soon can you get down here to sign over the contracts?

Thus, within a matter of hours, Lobree had completed all the preparations to rescue the festival and, he



Hal Lobree

hoped, head off the collapse of other jazz festivals.

When the news hit the Evansville papers the next day, the reaction was immediate — and all favorable. The Junior Chamber of Commerce wanted to be a cosponsor. So did the Fraternal Order of Police—which meant that Evansville's cops would have as much of an interest in the festival as he had, and that if there was any trouble, the police would handle it with dispatch and tact. But with only two weeks to organize the event—to be called the Third Indiana Jazz festival—there wasn't time for committee meetings. So Lobree made it clear that he would have to be boss.

The newspapers of Evansville—the *Press* and the *Courier*—and the city's radio and TV stations jumped aboard. And by the time the festival was held, the weekend of July 29, 30, and 31, Evansville was ready to show its visi-

tors, both musicians and jazz fans, the time of their lives.

Musicians were treated like honored guests. They were offered cars if they wanted them, laundry service, the swimming pools (and, in some cases, the homes) of Evansville residents, and meals in various local restaurants—all free. Instead of discouraging college kids from coming, Evansville's Civil Defense organization arranged to rent them cots (at 50 cents a piece) so that they could camp out—in a supervised park area.

Forty-eight hours before the festival opened, Lobree had broken the nut for the festival—advance ticket sales covered his costs.

Musically, it did not look like the best jazz festival ever. With so little time to prepare, Lobree had had to fill in the program with two bands intended primarily for dancing—those of Lee Castle (the Dorsey Brothers Band) and Ralph Marterie. But they had jazz scores in their books, and were, at least, a far cry from the Kingston Trio type acts that had helped bring ruin to the French Lick and Newport festivals. (French Lick had booked the Brothers Four for their festival. When Lobree switched the contracts, a booking agent even had the nerve to try to boost their price. Lobree said he didn't want them anyway—so they were dropped.)

By opening night, it was obvious that there would be another Evansville festival next year. An orderly crowd of 4,000 people in the city's sleek, modern Roberts Municipal Stadium cheered with enthusiasm for Marterie, Cannonball Adderley, a good local group headed by a disc jockey and bassist named Pete Dooley, and Benny Goodman, playing superbly and leading a neat, had-swinging 10-man band that included Red Norvo, Flip Phillips, and Urbie Green.

The motto under which Lobree had touted the festival was "Indiana Likes Jazz."

Ecstatic over the results—and the city's attitude to his brain child—Lobree went home to get some sleep, having pushed himself 22 hours a day to get his festival off the ground. "I think we managed to stick a finger in the dyke here," he said.

ON THE MALL

It was warm—quite warm—this July evening. The well-dressed crowd attending the open-air concert sat quietly listening to Paul Desmond's alto gently commenting on the blues. On the edge of the crowd, the sergeant in charge of the police detail assigned to direct traffic and maintain order smiled as he said, "This is a better behaved crowd than the garden club. I've only spotted five or six kids who look like they would even *belong* at Newport. This is a great crowd—just here to hear great music."

The event prompting such benign statements was a Dave Brubeck-George Shearing concert held in the beautifully landscaped mall of the Old Orchard Shopping Center in Skokie, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Ken Nordine acted as m.c.

The affair was sponsored by the Junior Auxiliary of the University of Chicago Cancer Research Foundation with the close cooperation of *Down Beat*. All profits from the venture were to be used for cancer research.

The 4,200 charitable jazz lovers in attendance responded warmly to the Shearing Quintet and Brubeck's group. One of jazzmen performing commented that past experiences of jazz groups playing charity affairs had been far from happy; the audiences usually came to be seen—not to listen. He went on to say that pre-concert skepticism on the part of the musicians was quickly dispelled by the quiet and responsive crowd.

PALLADIUM MAY ADOPT CONCERTS

When the Hollywood Palladium opened its doors to the public Oct. 31, 1940, everything was coming up roses for ballroom operators and dance band leaders. The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra opened the new establishment with appropriate fanfare and general hoopla, and to the throngs of excited dancers, the London blitz was far, far away. Through the war years following Pearl Harbor, business continued booming. There seemed no letup in sight as one name band after another played the Sunset Blvd. spot through the 1940s.

Fifteen years after the grand opening, Hollywood's famed Palladium was in serious trouble. Attendance fell to the point where it didn't pay the business syndicate that owns the ballroom to continue operation six nights a week. It was the same old story, familiar to ballroom operators the country over in the doldrums that followed the departure of the big band heyday. The Palladium cut down operation to Fridays and Saturdays, usually filled the

balance of each week by catering to lucrative private parties thrown by business concerns. Rarely did a contemporary name band do outstanding business, and, in the prevailing spirit of management conservatism, it became difficult indeed for an up-and-coming band to get a booking there in face of the fact that "safe" and "established" aggregations failed to pull in dancers.

Clearly a solution had to be found if the Palladium were to continue as a ballroom. And failing the discovery of that solution, the management reputedly was prepared with a set of blueprints designed to turn the dance hall into a bowling alley.

Last month it looked as if the solution finally was at hand. Henry Mancini, composer of the music for the successful television series *Peter Gunn* and *Mr. Lucky*, was booked into the ballroom leading a 38-piece orchestra in two weekend engagements. With admission set at \$1.75 per person, Mancini broke the year's attendance record, drawing 12,607 persons in paid admissions for the four nights, topping by some 900 customers the previous record set by Harry James.

The tall, balding, onetime piano player with Tex Beneke brought the cream of Hollywood's studio musicians to the Palladium bandstand. In addition to the array of eight violins, four violas and four cellists, Mancini crowded the spacious stand with a personnel comprising Ronnie Lang, Harry Klee, Willie Schwartz, and Ethmer Roten, reeds; Conrad Gozzo, Pete Candoli, Joe Triscari, and Don Fagerquist, trumpets; Dick Noel, Jimmy Priddy, John Halliburton, and Karl De Karske, trombones; Vince De Rosa, Johnny Graas, John Cave, and Arthur Maebe, Jr., French horns; Larry

THE UNINTENDED

Recently RCA Victor sent out a press release in the hope of getting good newspaper space on the visit of Hollywood composer-arranger Henry Mancini to his home town, Aliquippa, Pa.

The press was advised of the picture possibilities — "Mancini in Church; Mancini greeting pastor; Mancini with old friends in tour of town or at breakfast and lunch; Mancini conducting the huge orchestra; Mancini roughing it with picnic lunch; examining parachutes; trying out a motorcycle; dramatic shots with fireworks in background; listening to speakers at banquet; expressing gratitude for fete; conducting his first orchestra; leading the grand ball."

Then, at the end, the release said: "Note: During the celebration, RCA Victor will present Mancini a *plague* for having sold one million dollars worth of *Peter Gunn* albums."

Bunker, vibes; Bobby Bain, guitar; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Rolly Bundock, bass, and Jack Sperling, drums.

The music consisted in great part of Mancini originals including some arrangements from a new LP, his fifth album. Versatile doubling in his reed section enabled the composer to score some ermine-lined charts, notably the ballad, *That's All*, written to feature four bass flutes in section and solos. Because the library encompassed full orchestra to small groups of varying instrumentation, there was more than a dash of jazz in which Fagerquist's trumpet and Lang's alto saxophone figured prominently. Then, of course, there was the electric organ, on which the composer appeared to content himself with playing the *Mr. Lucky* theme — much to the dancers' delight.

There is more than a good chance the Mancini success at the Palladium will pave the way for a new concert policy at the ballroom. Already Nelson Riddle is reported interested in playing the spot for two concerts, one to feature his orchestra and Ella Fitzgerald, the second to spotlight Nat Cole.

When the ballroom's 20th anniversary arrives next Oct. 31, a new lease on life may well be in the cards for a Hollywood landmark that has risen and coasted with the ups and downs of the music business that gave it birth.

THE SINS OF FATHER FESTIVAL

Dave Brubeck was playing, and a well-dressed young Negro in the audience at the Randall's Island Jazz festival last year turned around in his seat and stared hard at a pair of teenagers chanting, "Go, man go!"

The stare had no effect. Finally, the young man admonished them, "Have some respect, won't you please?"

This exchange was printed in *Time*, which went on to report that "jazz was becoming more mature, and so was the audience."

Then came Newport, 1960.

It's still too soon after the Rhode Island debacle to fully evaluate the damage done by the rioting there. But two facts seem to stand out: Firstly, there is a relationship between the incidence of bad behavior and the location of a jazz festival (Newport and French Lick are resort areas which hold a fascination for the square collegian who wants to ball without running the risk of mom and dad stumbling across his prostate form on somebody's lawn); and secondly, the audience attending festivals in metropolitan locations (the stadiums of New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Boston) is a

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listening audience, not a hell-raising mob.

The spectacle of youths parading through the streets wearing garish hats with feathers touching the ground, clad in sweat shirts and shorts, and wielding beer cans would hardly occur in a large city.

The festivals scheduled to be held in Connie Mack stadium, Philadelphia; Comiskey park, Chicago; the Detroit fairgrounds, and in a Boston stadium, are still on; but Owen Engel's ill-fated World Jazz festival, originally scheduled for June 12, then changed to June 7, and later to Aug. 17, has finally been canceled. It was to be held on the Central park mall in New York with no admission charge.

This festival is not a victim of riot-fear, but suffered from overly ambitious planning. The idea was to get jazzmen from 26 countries to this shore to play together in a World Jazz Festival Orchestra. Not only were musicians from Nigeria, Ghana, France, Germany, Jamaica, India, and other countries to play in the same orchestra, but they were to play each others compositions and orchestrations.

All is not dark in the jazz festival world, however. Franklin Geltman, producer of the fifth annual Randall's Island festival, is now billing his jazz show as follows: "The gigantic 1960 festival, the largest in the world." It might well be, if Newport is not rescued.

Meanwhile, the RIJF is steaming ahead with the strongest name program of all the festivals. The three nights (Aug. 19, 20, 21) will see seven big names a night:

Friday, Aug. 19, Count Basie Orchestra, Horace Silver Quintet, Chris Connor, Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, Art Blakey Jazz Messengers, Farmer-Golson Jazztet, and Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz Group.

Saturday, Aug. 20, Duke Ellington Orchestra, Modern Jazz Quartet, Dakota Staton, Thelonious Monk Quintet, Julian (Cannonball) Adderley Quintet, Chico Hamilton Quintet, and John Coltrane Quartet.

Sunday, Aug. 21, Miles Davis Quintet, Dinah Washington, Dave Brubeck Quartet, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Les McCann Trio, and the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra.

Geltman's show will feature the Miles Davis Quintet, with alto-tenor man Sonny Stitt, as a festival exclusive. The group has not and will not appear at any other jazz festival this summer. Davis is reported to be composing a special group of themes for the event.

Davis was originally scheduled to be featured with the Gil Evans Orchestra playing behind him. This was changed



NATURE BOY WAILS

In 1946, an obscure and colorful songwriter, Edén Ahbez, became famous overnight with a song called *Nature Boy*, recorded by Nat Cole and elevated to hit status. Since then, Ahbez has had no comparable musical success. But he continues to live his personal philosophy while remaining active on the Hollywood music scene. Here the songwriter, now turned conga drummer, is shown in a rare photograph (he shuns publicity) warming up for a record date.

when the Davis-Evans combination was quoted at \$10,000 for the Sunday night appearance.

The festival drew around 35,000 people in 1959 and an appreciable increase is expected for the 1960 event. It was estimated that there were 16,000 available seats a night last year. This year an additional 2,200 seats will be installed.

A fleet of buses used in the winter-time to ferry ski-birds to the slopes in Stowe, Vt., on weekends, will be used to transport jazz fans from central points in Manhattan to the stadium on the island in the East river.

CECIL READ JIM CROW? NO! MGA DECLARES

Hot with indignation, the Musicians Guild of America snapped back at a Jim Crow charge printed in a Los Angeles magazine directed toward the "Negro market," *This Is L.A.* In an article reprinted in *Allegro*, official organ of New York AFM Local 802, the Los Angeles magazine accused Cecil Read, MGA president and former board member of Local 47, of voting against the 1952 amalgamation of Los Angeles' AFM Negro and white locals and alleged further that racial discrimination against Negroes existed within the guild.

Through its attorney, Harry B. Swerdlow, the Musicians Guild demanded a retraction of the article in *This Is L.A.* and *Allegro* and publication of what it declares are "the actual facts," i.e., that Read could not have voted against the local integration at the time because he was not then a Local 47 board member, and that the MGA constitution prohibits any and all racial discrimination.

The guild stated further that a libel suit against both magazines is being prepared.

Ironically, each of the four times the word Negro appeared in MGA's statement, it was spelled with a lower case 'n'.

TO SWING OR NOT TO SWING

"How," Bishop William J. Walls of Chicago asked, "can we expect the white race to respect our spirituals when we do not respect them ourselves?"

Who was Bishop Walls referring to when he made this remark at this year's meeting of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church's western New York conference in Albany? He mentioned no one by name. But a spokesman for the church said that the bishop's annoyance had been caused by Mahalia Jackson's *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands* and Louis Armstrong's *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Nor was Bishop Walls alone in his feeling. At the meeting, the Rev. Paul E. Guire of Troy, N. Y., complained, "These songs, which inspired the idea of freedom for Negroes, have been desecrated by some singers in jazz form. They lose their deep religious import and their significance in the Negro culture. They should be sacred."

The irony of the charge against Miss Jackson lay in the fact that countless people in the jazz world have tried to lure her away from her religious songs—to no avail. In a discussion of jazz singers last year, critic John S. Wilson lamented that "the greatest jazz voice to emerge in the last 10 years won't touch the stuff. Mahalia Jackson is undeviatingly true to her Gospel songs."

Miss Jackson was evidently unperturbed by the accusations of the two churchmen. "My conscience is clear," she said. "I have kept faith with the church. I don't swing the spirituals." And she added, "Spirituals with a beat attract more people to the church than some of this dead music you hear at some services."

Miss Jackson pointed out that she has always tried to maintain dignity in performance and has stayed away from the last two Newport Jazz festivals. She even canceled her appearance at the Newport Folk festival last June. She had appeared at other previous Newport festivals, however, though in her first appearance (in 1957), she was accompanied only by her own piano and organ. The next year she sang *Black, Brown, and Beige* with the Duke Ellington orchestra—and afterwards was invited to take part in services at Newport's Trinity church, the oldest church in America. She has

turned down huge sums to appear in theaters and night clubs.

"What difference does it make where people hear God's music, as long as they get the message?" she asked.

Trumpeter Armstrong expressed a similar sentiment. "These songs," he said, "can be sung on the secular stage with as much religious effect as in the church."

But Bishop Walls was unrelenting. Learning of Armstrong's and Miss Jackson's statements, he said, "We do not need, and should be relieved of, this night-club idolatry and coon song reveling of this desecrating age that destroys our saintly heritage."

NITERY MUSICIANS TO DRAW PENSIONS

From time immemorial, the low man on the totem pole in the music business has been the night club musician. Subsisting for the most part on so-called casual jobs, he has had no guarantee of future security beyond what he could save from the union scale he got paid. Effective Labor day, the lot of the Los Angeles night club musician will take a decided upturn, thanks to the AFM and employers pension and welfare fund. Niteries operators will pay contributions to the fund for every hour worked by musicians in this field, Local 47 board of directors announced.

Also hiked was the basic pay scale from \$90 per week gross for four-and-one-half hours, six nights a week, to \$99 per week. On top of this is a \$6 per week contribution to the pension fund. The new scales apply only to two or more musicians working a specific job.

To qualify for the pension plan, according to the union, a musician must earn \$1,500 in five years in employment covered by the pension plan. Once a musician's earnings for five year period total \$1,500, a pension account is established in the individual's name.

BENNY GOODMAN GOES TO WORK

Benny Goodman had an impish smile on his face. "After playing for 35 years, I think it's about time to go to work," he said.

The clarinet virtuoso and erstwhile King of Swing has gone to work for the Selmer company, maker of musical instruments, including the clarinet Goodman has used for more than 30 years. But there will be no starting at the bottom of the ladder for Goodman; he begins as a member of the board of directors, with specific duties as technical consultant and adviser in several areas of the company's interests.

His first assignment is to make appearances in Selmer's behalf at meetings of music dealers, educators, and others in the music field. He will also conduct clinics for students.

The part of the job that especially appeals to Goodman is the work he will be doing on many phases of the fast-moving high school dance band movement. Goodman feels he can help get youths away from rock and roll and interested in higher grades of popular music.

"To me," he said, "the most infuriating quality of rock 'n' roll is not its style but the sloppy performance within that style. No music can be good unless it's played with precision and taste. Kids like bad music only because they don't know the difference, and I want to do my part in helping the educator show why some music is bad and other music is good."

ADDED COMMENT

The late arrival of Martin Williams' International Jazz Critics poll ballot precluded the inclusion of his comments in the Aug. 4 issue of *Down Beat*. The editors feel that Williams' expressions should be known.

The following is his statement:

In voting for "new talent" does one vote for what he believes are the beginnings of fulfillment? Lee Morgan was obviously a first rate trumpeter long before he became the disciplined soloist he began to be a little over a year ago. I think that Ornette Coleman's conception and his playing are already beautiful and one of the most important musical experiences that I have ever had, but the very basis of this music is something he and his musicians are still discovering every day. No one pretends that it is "finished" music. But it is, I believe, potentially one of the most important events in the evolution of jazz. We are very fortunate to be able to hear it taking shape in New York.

I might say the same sort of thing about Eric Dolphy. He is a virtuoso saxophonist, but he still *may* use his technique as something to hide behind. Potentially, he is an outstanding soloist, and already he is a very exciting musician.

I have left blanks where I felt there was no one I heard last year who was on the level of those I voted for.

Gunther Schuller is listed chiefly for his variations on Monk's *Four in One*, a piece which has no reference to his other life as a concert composer, and which I think is a major jazz arrangement.

NOT ENOUGH ROOM AT THE TOP FOR DUKE, MORT

In show business, the billing of performers on night-club marquees is no matter to be taken lightly. At least Duke Ellington doesn't think so.

For more than 30 years, top billing of the Ellington name and orchestra on marquees the world over has proudly proclaimed the regal presence, the sartorial splendor, the charming urbanity, and the and-then-I-wrote piano specialties so much a part of Duke's appeal. Few deny that the orchestra without him lacks the touch of indefinable magic that is manifested the moment Edward Kennedy Ellington mounts the bandstand.

Late last month, during the band's five-day stay at Hollywood's Crescendo, the magic was missing. So was Ellington.

Originally booked into Gene Norman's Sunset Strip club by Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp., the ABC contract called for 11 straight nights at a reported \$1,000 a night and top billing. Already midway through one of his many return engagements at the nitery was comedian Mort Sahl.

The day before the start of the engagement June 22, Ellington was notified by a well-wisher that the billing on the Crescendo marquee disagreed with the contract. It read, "Mort Sahl Plus Duke Ellington Orch." By an apparent coincidence, Sahl also held a contract with Gene Norman calling for top billing.

With customary savoir faire, Ellington dealt with the irreconcilable situation simply — he failed to show up at his own opening. During the four successive nights, the band played sans leader as Duke refused to set foot in the club.

Meanwhile, in an effort to resolve the hassle, both Al Celley, Ellington's road manager, and Milt Ebbins, manager of Sahl, were reported burning the phone wires arguing that the other should back down and relinquish top billing. Neither would budge from the position that his contract was inviolable.

At this point in the impasse owner Norman moved in. He was quoted as saying, "There's no point in keeping Duke's band if he's 'ill.' But since he's not getting any 'better,' I pulled his band."

When the orchestra reported for work at the club June 27, there was an American Federation of Musicians business agent in tow. They found the place dark and themselves locked out. The following day Ellington's name disappeared from the marquee.

Bobby Phillips, ABC's west coast

manager said only, "As far as Associated Booking Corp. is concerned, Duke Ellington was ill."

According to Max Herman, vice president of AFM Local 47, Norman paid Ellington \$1,000 for each night the band played. Herman said Ellington told the union he was ill and couldn't appear. Herman added that Norman's version was that Ellington *would not* appear because "he didn't have his name up in lights."

"When a breach of contract occurs between an employer and a musician," Herman said, "a hearing is held to resolve it. We plan to hold such a hearing."

The usually voluble Sahl was caught in the middle without much to say except that he was not involved and felt he could not make any comment.

On apparent second thought, Norman had this to say through his secretary: "I'm sorry, but Mr. Ellington hasn't been feeling well."

The week of his projected June 22 opening at the club, Ellington, though "ill," was busy recording for three days for Columbia Records. On June 25, he kept occupied rehearsing the band for a Columbia promotional videotape and recorded the next day at CBS-TV in Hollywood. And the next week he completed recording with the band through June 29.

Said an observer, "Apparently just hearing about that marquee made him sick to his stomach."

The most disappointed parties were the king and queen of Thailand who showed up at the Crescendo hoping for a session with Ellington. The jazz-loving monarch settled for Johnny Hodges, from whose records, he has said, he learned to play the saxophone.

... AND MORE TROUBLE FOR DUKE

The sudden closing July 8 of Fack's II, San Francisco night club of long standing, almost completely stranded the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

Ellington, who opened a supposed-to-be 10-day engagement at the club the night before, came within an ace of having the band's full wardrobe and instruments still in the club when internal revenue agents padlocked it for a federal tax lien of \$34,846, leaving owner George Andros crying in the street.

The Ellington instruments and belongings were removed just a few minutes before padlock time by the Duke's bandboy, who happened to be at the club at the time.

Ellington, however, was hurt financially by the episode, not having drawn any advance from the club prior to the padlocking.

The Ellington band returned to Hollywood and filled in the open time recording at Columbia and resumed its cross-country tour July 22 at Sacramento with a one-nighter.

Andros, who has operated jazz clubs in San Francisco since the late '40s, began on Market St. with the original Fack's, where the Hi-Lo's got their start and which also was instrumental in the west coast debut of the Four Freshmen, the Vernon Alley-Betty Bennett-Pony Poindexter group, Steve Rossi and others. Four years ago, Andros took over the old Balalaika on Bush St., named it Fack's II, and brought in a list of comics and standard acts interspersed with jazz attractions.

LOOK FORWARD TO A REVERBERATING FALL

Things will be reverberating in the music world this fall and winter if the 59th annual music trade show is an indication. The show, sponsored by the National Association of Music Merchants (NAMM) and held in Chicago last month, previewed products and new twists on the old. But reverberation caused the biggest stir among showgoers.

This process involves an "electromechanical technique of delaying and reverberating portions of sound information fed to it," according to one large phonograph manufacturer. In simpler terms, reverberation in phonographs is comparable to the echo-chamber effect introduced in the recording process several years ago. But its makers say it is more than just another gimmick designed to part dollar from customer. Reverberation, they say, is really diffused stereo. In ordinary stereo, the listener must stay in one central area in order to get the full stereo effect; with reverberation, the listener can get a binaural effect anywhere in the immediate area of the phonograph.

Sound-conscious buyers may expect claim and and counterclaim from all the large phonograph manufacturers in the months to come. Each has a refinement he claims makes his product superior to that of his competitors. Whether reverberation will enhance listening to such a degree that it will cause stereo to become outmoded, as reverberator-makers claim, is a moot question.

The record collector need not spend all his time worrying about reverberation, however. The NAMM's phonograph committee urged record manufacturers to develop a compatible stereo disc, one playable on monophonic as well as stereo equipment.

Another electronic device causing a stir was a new accordion amplifier called a Cordovox. With this attach-

ment, the accordionist is able to produce various combinations of sounds resembling other instruments. The attachment makes it possible to bend and slur notes in the manner of a trombone or steel guitar.

The Thomas piano-organ combination made an impression on the viewers. It features a full 88-note piano keyboard in addition to a 49-note, five-voice organ. Although this combination of organ and piano is not entirely new, this is the first such model priced to sell at less than \$1,000. The combination of medium price and a two-for-the-price-of-one instrument undoubtedly will appeal to cocktail lounge owners and some entertainers.

Portable organs, as previewed, may be the answer to the jobbing-band leader's prayer for in-tune keyboard instruments on one-nighters. The portable organ is not only easily transported but is comparatively inexpensive, according to manufacturers.

Jazz fans may be in for a deluge of jazz accordionists. The accordion industry, concerned with falling sales, revealed at the show that one of the fields on which they intend to concentrate is jazz. They feel the accordion has not been exposed enough as a jazz instrument. One manufacturer, to back this argument, imported jazzman Leon Sash to demonstrate how effective the accordion can be in jazz.

The only musical instruments to display basic changes at the NAMM preview were the clarinet and saxophone. Charles Houvenaghel, 78-year-old musician, metallurgist, and acoustical engineer working with the LeBlanc Corp., unveiled several newly designed instruments which are claimed to give the reedman a wider range of tonal nuances and greater control of his instruments.

But perhaps the most startling new product at the NAMM convention was Ralph Kester's radically designed drums. All the drums, except the snare, are based on the tympani principle of one head and a rounded bottom. But Kester's new drums, a product of Drum Innovations, are conical shaped on the bottom rather than round. This gives the visual effect, especially in the bass drum, of a rocket's nose cone. The drums come in mirror-like stainless steel or chrome.

One of the humorous comments at the show was that of Oscar Peterson upon meeting the Sideman. Asked by a Wurlitzer salesman when he would be ready to use the Sideman, a Wurlitzer electronic device that produces various percussion sounds, jazz pianist Peterson replied, "As soon as I perfect my mechanical salesman and send it over to you."

OSCAR PETERSON AND A NEW SCHOOL

"Where do I go to learn?"

This is a question which, in one form or another, is asked incessantly by youngsters who want to be jazz musicians. Some of them have the talent it takes, some don't. But even for those who do, the problem is a serious one. The big bands that once provided the best training grounds have dwindled to a comparatively miniscule number. And the small groups now prevalent in jazz require that their members be comparatively polished professionals, not aspiring students.

The rising dance band movement in high schools and colleges—frequently utilizing the talents of travelling musicians such as Buddy DeFranco in special clinics—has helped fill the needs of would-be jazz students, along with some classically-oriented music schools, such as Juilliard, which offer courses useful to the jazz musician. Other important augmentations of the training movement for jazz includes the Berklee school in Boston and John LaPorta's recently opened school in New York.

Last fall, a significant new venture in jazz education was undertaken in Toronto, Canada: pianist Oscar Peterson's Advanced School of Contemporary Music. With a minimum of advance announcement the school drew only 16 students during its first season. But the experiment was successful, and when the school opens on Oct. 3 of this year, it will have new quarters and an enlarged staff to accommodate the 50 to 100 students Peterson expects to see enrolled.

Teaching in their own musical areas will be Peterson, bassist Ray Brown, drummer Edmund Thigpen, Toronto-based arranger-composer Phil Nimmons, trumpeter Eric Traugott, and trombonist Butch Watanabe.

"We learned a lot last year," Peterson said, "and we think we have improved the course. Despite the name of the school, it is open to beginners, as well as professionals anxious to brush up certain areas of their work."

The approach at the Advanced School of Contemporary Music (which Peterson has already fallen into the habit of calling the ASCM) is unusual. Each student will get private instruction on his instrument; in addition, it is mandatory that he take a skeleton course in piano and a skeleton course in composition and theory.

In addition, he must take part in group playing. A drummer studying with Thigpen, for example, will be required to work out once a week



Educators Nimmons, Brown, and Peterson

with Peterson and Ray Brown—while Thigpen sits back, listens, and provides guidance and criticism. This system will give the student the invaluable experience of working with two of the most brilliant professionals in the business, while getting verbal counsel from a third. If the student is a pianist, he will of course be required to play with Thigpen and Brown; and bassists will play with Peterson and Thigpen.

Finally, the students will be required to take part in what Peterson is calling "playing forums" with other students. "These will be sessions in which students will be given instruction in improvisational playing," Peterson said. "The emphasis will be on such things as approach, continuity, dynamics, building, control, and all the aspects of improvisational playing."

"The students will also take a course

in music appreciation. This will take in a certain amount of listening, explanation, and discussion of various records played. The records will be from all fields and eras of jazz, so that the student will learn to understand the whole range, from the roots and origins of jazz right up the modern era. It will also include lectures by various guest artists when they are in town."

Peterson believes that the average student musician who aspires to play jazz has in the past been forced to waste a lot of time. "First they go into theoretical classical piano," he said. "Then, at perhaps 18, they decide they want to enter the modern field and find they have no training or instruction for it."

"I believe that if a student starts into classical studies, jazz theory can be intermingled with his work. I've just completed my first book of improvised major scales, which is considerably different than the scales the way they are given in the average classical exercise book."

"There is one thing I would like to emphasize," Peterson added. "Because Ray and Ed and I will all be teaching, I don't want anyone to think that our intention is to turn out a bunch of Oscar Peterson Trio robots. We want each student to find his own style."

"On the other hand, we are hoping that various groups will grow out of the project and be ready to step right out as professional units, ready to go into the field."

"We think that the fee—\$350 for the four-month course we will be giving this year—is fair, in consideration of the caliber of instruction that is available. And we feel that a major factor in the project will be the personal contact between each student and the staff."

"What made me want to go into teaching? Hearing certain mistakes being made by youngsters today, and remembering when I wanted information and guidance and just couldn't get it."

HOW TO ENROLL AT THE ASCM

Students wishing to enquire about the Advanced School of Contemporary Music may write to 9 Chrysler Crescent, Scarborough, Ont., Canada, for a brochure. The school is open to students from any country. For students who have to travel great distances to the school and for working musicians, there will be a special short-term course this year.

As an aid to deserving students who wish to study at the school, *Down Beat* will enlarge its scholarship program to provide two partial scholarships to the ASCM this year or half the tuition costs, worth \$175 each, to the student selected. This is the way to apply:

Send a tape or acetate of performance as an instrumentalist or arranger to Scholarships, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., with a letter of recommendation from your music teacher and, if under 18, a letter from your parent or guardian stating that you have permission to attend. *Down Beat* will select those tapes that are to be sent to the school, where the final selection will be made by Oscar Peterson and the staff of the ASCM.



THE VIRGINIA BEACH FESTIVAL

By Norman Rowe

(Mr. Rowe is a staff member of the Richmond, Va., Times Dispatch.)

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.

The second annual Virginia Beach Jazz festival—blowing one week behind the riot-torn Newport fiasco—played, unhampered and unrestricted, two nights to a capacity house in this resort city's new 2,000-seat, air-conditioned Convention Dome.

The city had a normal-for-the-occasion complement of regular police on duty, and nearby service bases sent a scattering of military gendarmes. But there was not a single disorderly incident to mar the performances of Dave Brubeck and Maynard Ferguson, along with lesser-known groups and singles as well as local talent. The latter scored heavily with an audience composed for the most part of visitors to the seaside resort.

There was only one public reference to the Newport blow-up. When Ferguson offered his band's *Newport Suite*, he quipped:

"We've changed the title. Now, it's *I'll Remember Newport*." The crowd roared.

Negro jazz fans were admitted, and since all seats were reserved, were grouped, it would appear, according to a pre-arranged policy of management. The number of Negroes in the audience was small—so small that they appeared outnumbered by the collective total of Negro talent onstage.

At the same time, Negro artists were accorded loud ovations—especially Rufus Jones, the sensational new drummer with Ferguson.

The Ferguson band as a whole gave a highly acclaimed performance with Ferguson offering his usual praise for the Willie Maiden brassy arrangements. The leader probably was a little off his usual blasting trumpet performances. Few, if any, of the jazz patrons out front knew Ferguson was having a little trouble finding his lip, having been fresh from a session with a New York dentist. Otherwise, Ferguson was the entertaining, clowning maestro-musician who had made a big hit with a Virginia audience in a concert presented March 6 by Modern Jazz-Richmond in the Old Dominion's capital city.

The festival again was produced by Tommy Gwaltney, beach-based maestro who also performed in the festival. The first night, he fronted a 15-piece band with arrangements by such solids as Ernie Wilkins. The second night, Gwaltney, who has been a clarinet and vibes sideman with Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, and Wild Bill Davison, presented his Jolly Rogers Dixieland combo.

The Newton Thomas Trio delivered the surprise performance of the festival. Thomas is a Richmond, Va., pianist who worked with Butterfield for about a year, along with drummer Buddy Deppenschmidt, another Richmonder, and bassist Warren (Bones) Garrison of Norfolk. This same trio worked New York's Birdland for a week last winter while Butterfield returned to his Virginia farm for a rest.

The Thomas piano is not too modern but yet is far from traditional. At times, he appears to ape Erroll Garner, but he is not entirely derivative. He gets wonderful support from his rhythm section. Their novelty jazz play for *Camp-town Races*—preceded by three other jazz standards—brought a standing ovation and a well-received encore in *Soft Winds*.

The audience reaction rivaled that for Brubeck.

A couple of nights later, the Thomas trio was playing

as a regular attraction at the Jolly Rogers club at East Ocean View—just a few miles away—and in walked Louis Prima with Keely Smith, who has kissin' cousins in Tidewater, Va. Prima reportedly was so taken with the trio that he listened to the jazz festival tapes, then phoned Dot Records president Randy Woods in Hollywood and asked Woods to audition the Thomas tapes.

The opening feature of the Friday night session was the Salt City Six, a Dixie-flavored combo from Syracuse, N.Y. The Six was followed by Ann Rayburn, a husky-voiced beach-type vocalist who often works with Gwaltney's society-styled combo at the resort's exclusive Cape Colony club.

Also on the Friday night bill was the Whitey Mitchell-Sam Most Quintet. Bassist Mitchell and flutist-clarinetist Most were at the Virginia Beach festival last year as members of the New York Jazz Quartet. Both received strong ovations. They were followed by Brubeck's 40-minute set, which spotlighted a drum solo by Joe Morello. Gwaltney's big band closed the Friday program.

Saturday night's opener was Gwaltney's Dixie combo, followed by the Thomas trio, which also accompanied Bernadine Reed, a Manhattan singer who has done well on Madison Ave. with the singing commercial. Miss Reed's blond beauty perhaps was more of an attraction than her knack for jazz, cool or otherwise.

Guitarist Charlie Byrd, in trio presentation, did well with standards but lost some of his audience favor when he turned to the classics.

The Ferguson band closed the festival and had a howling ovation from the audience.

Along with musicianship, Gwaltney displayed good showmanship by timing his festival to coincide with an annual boardwalk art show in its fifth year of exhibition. Gwaltney also promoted his jazz festival at the cultural level by sponsoring a special prize in the art show for the best piece with a jazz theme.


The art-with-jazz items were art of the decor of the lobby of the Convention Center—a new, one-main-level, dome-shaped structure without center post and possessing outstanding acoustical qualities. Ferguson's horn gave the sound-proofing a fair test for stress and resistance.

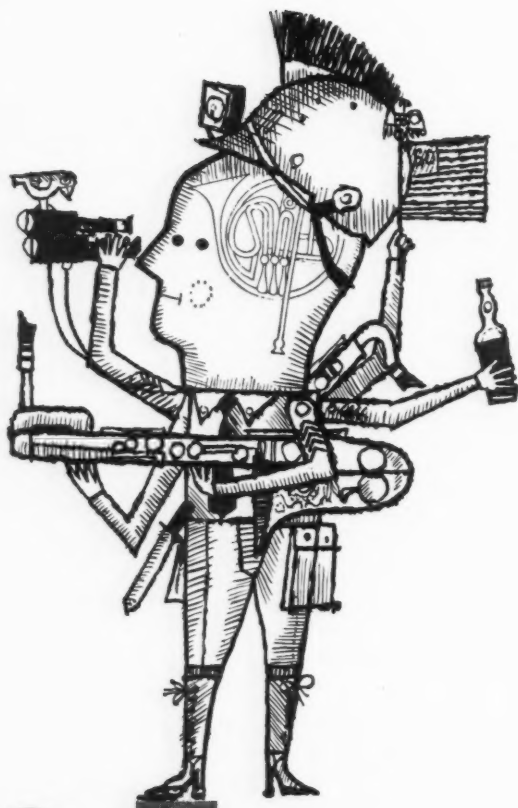
Another angle of the art exhibit is that Gwaltney was looking for cover material for his own LP album of the festival, with recording performance clearances expected from everyone but Brubeck.

Meanwhile, the Gwaltney nonmusical crew was selling in the lobby the Columbia-pressed LP that came from last year's first Virginia Beach festival. The package was titled *Concert by the Sea—East Coast* with such talent as Charlie Byrd, Mat Mathews, Sam Most, Ernie Caceres, Hal Posey, Ann Rayburn, and Gwaltney's band and combo.

Gwaltney, somewhat weak in his press relations department, nevertheless got a fairly good state-wide press reaction—before and after the festival performance. This can be attributed to the man's popularity, friendliness, sincerity, and showmanship. His showmanship appears to be taking on more finesse each year.

The ticket structure for the festival ranged from \$3 to \$5 a night or \$5 to \$8.50 for both nights. Some organized jazz groups made block purchases and offered tickets to its membership at slight reductions.

From almost all concerned, the consensus was that the second Virginia Beach Jazz festival was a big success. 



OUT OF MY HEAD

I FOUGHT FOR THE UNITED STATES MARINES
AT THE 1960 NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL
by T/Sgt. Wyatt Mailer, U.S.M.C.
as told to

Down Beat war correspondent George Crater

Somewhere on the front, Newport, R.I., July 4.—Everything is quiet now as I sit here, on a cracked, scarred curbstone, scanning the rubble-filled street. The mass evacuation of this once-pretty island is now complete, the sounds and the furies of out-and-out war have now diminished to a deathly silence. No more the explosion of bombs, the sound of man against man, the screams of terror and of anguish. Peace has come to this no-man's land. Peace has come to Newport. And as I turn to the grimy, tired, battle-scarred Marine beside me, I realize that it's men like this who, someday, will make our jazz festivals safe places to bring up our children. This is the story of that Marine, as he told it

It must have been about 9:45 when the alert was sounded. I'd just finished watching Wallace Berry in *Salute to the Marines* and was starting to dust off my picture of Robert Mitchum when all hell broke loose. Now I've seen a lot—the Pacific, Korea, Little Rock—but this was hell, pure hell! I got my men lined up and readied and then spent the better part of an hour waiting for our orders. That's the part that gets you, knowing that the enemy is just a few miles away, and you're stuck waiting for orders. That's the part that gets you.

We stood around until about 10:21 p.m. and then the C.O. handed me our sealed orders. The air was filled with tension, and I looked at the faces of my men as I started to open the envelope.

There was Myron. Just a kid from the city who wasn't sure if *this* might be his last day on earth; and Machem—the only thought on his mind was getting through this mess and getting back to Missouri to open that filling station on U.S. 9. Brabham was different. He was constantly waiting for battle, waiting to meet the enemy face to face, waiting to conquer the enemy; Brabham was a *nut*!

When I looked at Coombs, a smile crossed my weather-beaten face. Coombs, like all of us, didn't know why he was here or why he'd soon be facing a fellow human being determined to do him harm. Coombs was not the ordinary Marine. He was quiet, bashful, sensitive, illiterate, and had pimples. He didn't take to training either. In 14 years as a Marine, through training and actual combat, the only accurate shot he had fired was when he shot the colonel through the latrine window. He had been cleaning his rifle in the wash basin.

Then there was Lance, the rich kid. Lance knew Newport well; he was raised here. As a matter of fact, our base is just 36 feet from his polo field. These were the men. Soon they'd prove themselves, soon we'd know.

At 10:45 p.m., I led the first group through the base gates in jeeps. The MPs smiled us through with a look of encouragement mixed with pity. They knew what we'd soon be up against. It wouldn't be long now. The enemy had reached the island on Thursday. It was now Saturday night. They had had two full days to observe, plan, refuel, arm, and collect themselves. As early as Thursday night, Intelligence had reported coded conversations on street corners: "Mingus is something else!"; "If you've got the bread, I've got the short . . ."; "Ornette's a groove, but . . ." As we left the base gates, the messages still hadn't been decoded, but we couldn't wait—we *were* Marines.

The tension of the upcoming encounter showed itself in the men's conversations. Myron just cried. Machem told us how he'd give away free ballpoint pens with every gallon of gas and have the most prosperous filling station on U.S. 9. Brabham giggled sadistically and spit-polished his bayonet. Coombs kept inquiring about the colonel's condition. Two thoughts kept racing through my mind: "What would Wil-

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liam Bendix do in a case like this?" and what did "Mingus is something else!" mean?

At 11:15 p.m., our tension reached its height—we could hear the sound of battle. I ordered the men out of the jeep, and we quietly advanced down the street on our stomachs. As if from nowhere, six or seven grenades landed among us on the street. Strangely enough, there were no explosions. Carefully, Machem, Coombs, Myron (who was still crying), and I inched our way towards the nearest grenade. The closer we got and the more Myron cried, the more our fear grew. Would the grenade explode? Would Newport fall? Would Myron stop crying?

When I got within six inches of the deadly object, I realized its shape was strange and there was writing on it. . . . yes, the writing was clear now . . . S-C-H-L-I-T-Z. Probably a German-made grenade.

Not being familiar with bombs of this nature, I dispatched a man back to the base for a demolition crew and ordered Myron to guard the bomb until they arrived. Remembering stories of water-activated bombs, I warned Myron to cry in the other direction, if possible.

At 11:25 p.m. we converged on the battle area. As Brabham covered me, I dashed from an alleyway into the center of the street. Machem and Coombs followed me. Lance followed all three of us on a large white polo pony. Despite my being his superior officer, Lance, somehow, had a way of making me feel inferior.

For a moment, the street seemed strangely quiet and deserted. But then, a moment later I was shocked back to reality. From around a corner they came! Hundreds of them, screaming at the top of their lungs! Screaming their battle cry, their scream of brutality . . . "Up Ithaca!!!" . . . "Boola-Boola!!!" . . . "Rahhh Colgate!!!" and "We want the Kingston Trio!!!"

Until that moment, I thought I had known fear. The fear when a Japanese patrol came bursting from a Pacific jungle screaming, "Banzai!" The fear when the Reds rushed us screaming, "Aaaaaiiiiiiii!" But "Rahhh Colgate!"?

By 11:28 p.m. we were safe in the doorway of a children's specialty shop. While Coombs distributed rations to all, I contacted field headquarters and made arrangements to meet with our other forces on the island. With the berserk charge towards us just a moment ago, it was obvious the situation was getting out of hand, and with just M-1s as weapons, our chances were slim. I contacted the base, asked for a detachment of tanks, and then headed out for a rendezvous with the other military forces on the island. We were to meet behind the kitchen at the Viking hotel.

As we started for the rendezvous, a member of the demolition team brought us word on the strange grenades. The experts still couldn't identify or analyze them, but when they arrived at the scene, they had found that Myron had opened seven of the grenades, drunk their contents, and was now unconscious! Poor kid, he just couldn't take war. I hoped he'd make it; he'd make a wonderful social worker . . .

It was now 11:35 p.m. and we were quietly inching along the beach in the direction of the rendezvous. On the way we passed several enemy patrols camped on the beach. They were a strange army. Some were playing *Ghost*, others were discussing college, and some—it's hard to believe, but true—were necking with each other. Now what kind of army could this be? You wouldn't catch two *Marines* necking!

We continued along the beach without incident, until Lance's large white polo pony reared suddenly, throwing him to the sand. From behind the dunes came a flurry of the strange grenades, and, remembering poor Myron, we retreated swiftly.

We arrived at the area behind the kitchen of the Viking hotel at 11:50 p.m., tired but without a casualty. After a quick but thorough evaluation of the situation, officers of the Marines, the National Guard, the state police, the

Navy, the Coast Guard, the local police and fire departments, the mayor of Newport, and the governor of Rhode Island came to a sound conclusion. *We were outnumbered 12 to 1.*

There was no question, if we could've gotten some help from those 15,000 *pacifists* meeting inside Freebody park, we could've nipped the thing in the bud. But no, they didn't want to defend law and order. They just wanted to listen to their silly music. Personally, I was opposed to having the three battleships stand by in the harbor, but I did feel that 10 or 15 tanks and some well-placed howitzers would have cleaned up the situation nicely.


By 12:05 a.m., the high command developed a Five Point Program they felt would end all the violence. One by one, each point would be offered to the enemy. The question in all our minds was: Would one of these points force them to halt their violence and reconsider? The program was as follows:

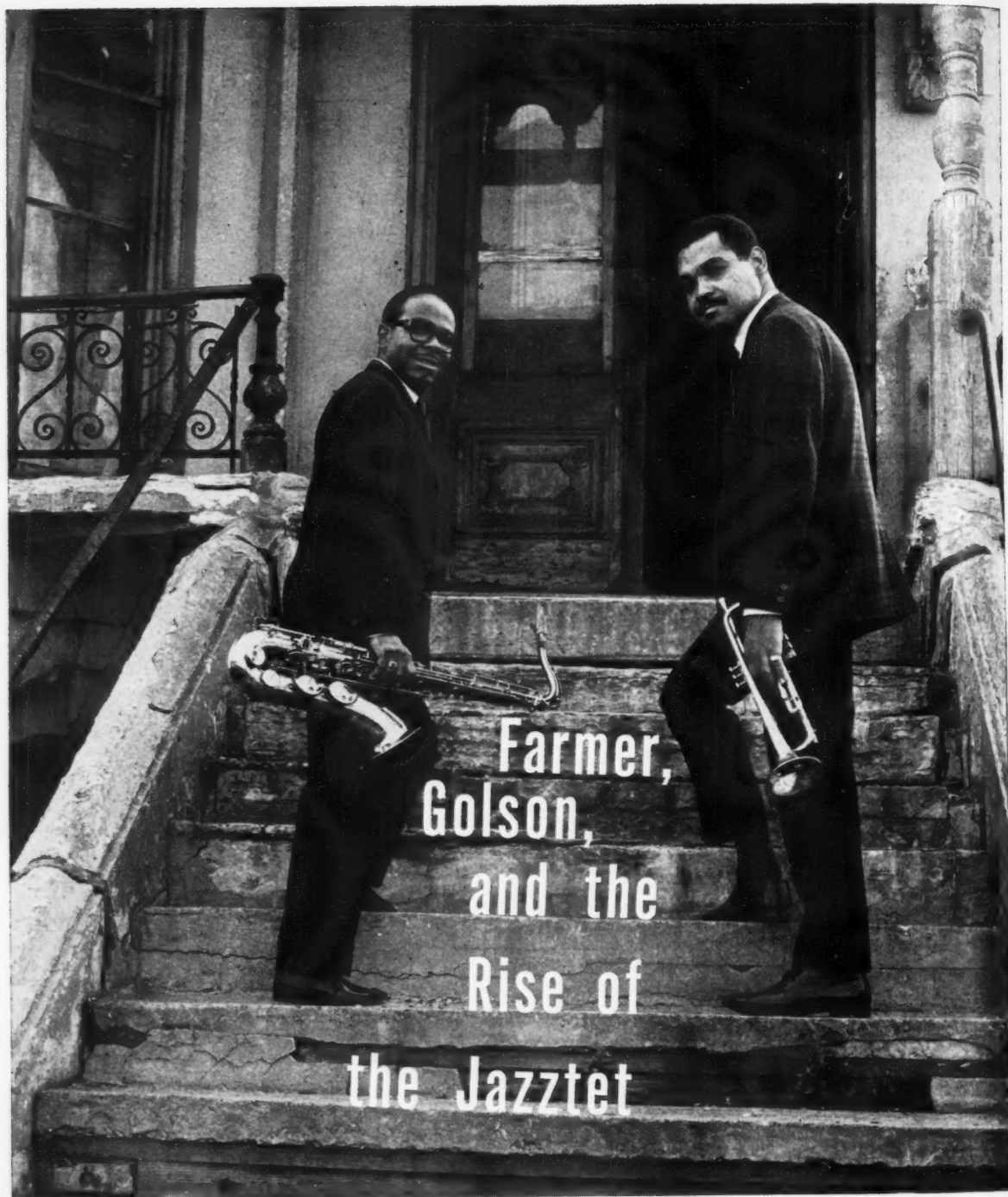
1. Threaten to take away their Pat Boone buttons.
 2. Tell them the Kingston Trio was playing in *Boston*.
 3. Threaten to *lynch* the Kingston Trio!
 4. Offer free beer to all *outbound* ferry passengers under the age of 21.
 5. Offer battlefield Master's Degrees to all rioters.
- By 12:09, we realized they wouldn't accept our Five Point Program. There could be no end to this without further violence. I regrouped my men and Lance's large, white polo pony. This was *it* . . .

At 12:11, we were stationed around a fireman who was attaching a thick hose to a fire hydrant. I sent three of our younger men around to the rear flank to sing *Tom Dooley* and get the enemy's attention. When the water was turned on, the enemy withdrew, angry, wet, but beaten. As I grouped the men for the final push, it happened. Someone in the crowd, in a last-ditch effort, hurled a grenade at us. Everything went black as the deadly 12-ounce object hit me somewhere between my chin and my forehead. I fell to the earth, landing on top of Coombs, who had tripped on the fire hose.

The colonel visited me at the base hospital the next day and told me what had happened. Coombs and I will probably be posted for Purple Hearts. That'll be my second; I skinned my knee at Little Rock. They sent Myron to Walter Reed hospital for further tests; Machem got his transfer to the motor pool; Brabham's up on charges for slashing the fireman's trousers with his bayonet while he was attacking the fire hose, and Lance won an opportunity to play polo for USMC at the Olympics this summer.

It wasn't one man who secured the victory at Newport; it was many. But that's America. One man doesn't do all things. It's many men grouping together for what is right. The victory at Newport wasn't the work of one. It was the Myrons, the Machems, the Brabhams, the Coombses, the Lances. That's who won at Newport, that's who we owe our debt of gratitude to. Thanks to men like these, no longer will Newport have to shudder under the cry "Up Ithaca!!!" No longer will the cry "Rahhh Colgate!!!" bring terror and thoughts of surrender to the hearts of free men. And tonight, in my quarters, as I get ready for bed and dust off my picture of Robert Mitchum, I'll remember the words of my colonel: "Mingus is something else!"

The correspondent and his publishers wish to express their gratitude to Lt. Colonel Donald Franks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the United States Marine Corps, Blood & Guts magazine, the Rhode Island State Police, Hugh Downs, Schlitz Breweries, Inc., the Kingston Trio Music Publishing Company, the Newport Merchants Association, and the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their untiring co-operation. Without them this article would not have been possible. 



By Gene Lees

At first glance, no one seems less suited to leading a group than trumpeter Art Farmer — unless it be composer-arranger-tenor saxophonist Benny Golson. Despite eminent musical qualifications for leadership, a casual observation would lead you to think that both are so reserved, perhaps even shy, that any group either would head would be

likely to suffer from lack of a firm, authoritative hand.

That they should lead a group jointly and make it work seems even less likely.

Yet from the moment when it made its "official" debut last Nov. 16 at New York's Five Spot cafe, the Farmer-Golson Jazztet has gone straight up in critical acceptance and general popularity. Last month the Jazztet won the new star award among jazz groups in

Down Beat's International Jazz Critics poll. And within a few weeks of release of the group's first LP, *Meet the Jazztet*, by Argo, the company found that it was one of its best-selling groups — right behind Ramsey Lewis and Ahmad Jamal.

How did all this come to pass?

Surface appearances are deceptive in both Farmer and Golson. Both are men who have paid hard dues in their pro-

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fession, and while there is much of gentleness in Benny and a very real reticence in Art (drummer Edmund Thigpen, who has known Farmer for several years, thinks that his quiet manner is the result, more than anything, of an abhorrence for wasted words), there is also a firmness of purpose that is characteristic of all capable leaders.

But perhaps the biggest single extramusical reason for the group's success (it should not be overlooked that this is a very fine group) is planning. Careful thought has been evident in the Jazztet operation in everything from bookings and choice of a record label to publicity and promotion.

Farmer and Golson have, in fact, shown a mature awareness of the value of publicity — as opposed to those who seek it for reasons of ego — that is rare in jazz musicians. They have been willing to sink money back into the Jazztet to the point where Kay Norton, the group's manager, says they are individually in worse financial shape than they were when they started. Nonetheless, she believes in promotion and insists that all jazz groups should do it.

One example of Jazztet promotion came with their opening at Chicago's now-defunct Blue Note several months ago. Instead of getting up on the bandstand and just playing, hoping the while that people would by some happy chance wander in to hear them, they gave a cocktail party for the press (in co-operation with Argo Records A&R director Jack Tracy). They gave a private performance for reporters, photographers, columnists, and disc jockeys, which resulted in a spate of publicity that immediately infused an awareness of the Jazztet into the consciousness of jazz fans throughout the middle west.

Such businesslike behavior is rare, if not unheard of, from jazz musicians — who will lament the publicity given to singers, actors, and others, without realizing that publicity usually goes to the people who go after it.

As a result of its forethought, the group has done phenomenally well this year, has piled up a big gross and, though Farmer and Golson have not felt the financial benefits yet, will undoubtedly do better in the year ahead.

But getting the Jazztet off the ground has not been as easy as it has looked. To be sure, Farmer and Golson both had excellent reputations before preliminary discussions for the group were even held. This gave them a running start. But even that has had its disadvantages.

Manager Norton, a handsome Wagnarian blond who used to be an executive of United Artists Records and is now the third brain behind the Jazz-

tet, thinks that many people expected too much from the group at the start.

"I think jazz is a very snobbish thing, in many ways," she said recently. "You know, there are categories — there are prestige groups and non-prestige groups. This was a prestige group before it blew its first note. So by reason of that, it has been under a microscope.

"Nobody ever gave it a chance to adjust. Everybody said in front, 'We know what this group is going to sound like.' That puts a hell of an onus on you. You don't get your natural chance to find out the things you wanted to find out about yourself and your personnel.

"In 80 per cent of the reviews of the Jazztet, the Modern Jazz Quartet has been mentioned. It's automatically been put in that class. And of course I do think that Art and Benny are in that class as artists; the prestige was based on the talent of Art and Benny. But when people want to criticize the fact that we have made personnel changes, they don't bring up the fact that it was Art and Benny and their genius that put them in this category. It doesn't make sense: you accept this as a prestige group because of these two; the rest isn't taken into account — that these two are still there and that they're searching for what will satisfy them musically. It's really unfair. Their reputations have been an advantage and a disadvantage."

In the remarks of Miss Norton — who incidentally bids fair to rival Martha Glaser, Erroll Garner's manager, in fierce devotion to her client — can be seen the reflection of another problem the Jazztet has faced: that of personnel.

There has been a heavy turnover of personnel in the group since its inception. The original drummer was Dave Bailey — like Farmer, an ex-Gerry Mulligan sideman. Bailey went with Mulligan's new big band (Mulligan wanted Farmer, too, but Art's heart was in the Jazztet) and was replaced by Lex Humphries. Curtis Fuller was the original trombonist. He was replaced by Bernard McKinney, who in turn was replaced by Tom McIntosh. McCoy Tyner, the group's original pianist, left to join John Coltrane's new group and was replaced by Duke Pearson. (Humphries and Pearson have since been replaced by Albert Heath and Cedar Walton.)

With every personnel change, there have been rumors — that the group was in trouble, that it would soon break up, and so forth. This is what manager Norton meant when she said it had been "under a microscope." A big band, such as that of Maynard Ferguson, can make all the personnel changes its leader wants without causing more than passing comment. But

in a small group changes are conspicuous.

In point of fact, however, none of the changes has caused a significant shift in the overall sound of the Jazztet, because of the way it is set up. The Jazztet is not a freeblowing group, such as that of Miles Davis, which becomes completely different with every shift of personnel. The Jazztet is intended to provide a balanced amalgam of formal written structure and free blowing—the long-sought Grail of jazz.

"This group was created with the thought in mind of creating a framework for each member of the group, not only for Benny and me," Farmer said.

"If a man feels like blowing, he can stretch out," Golson said. "At present, we are striving to make the written parts feel more loose."

At the same time, the written framework was meant to provide consistency of style and obviate the utter shapelessness that seems the inevitable consequence of *completely* free blowing. Thus, when a member of the group leaves and is replaced, the character of that one solo slot is altered, but the basic structure, sound, and approach remain the same.

Nonetheless, there can be no question that the quitting of Curtis Fuller was a real musical loss to the group — and perhaps, in a sense, a loss for Fuller, too, since his name was almost as prominent in promotion of the group as the names of its leaders, and the Jazztet association was serving to build his name with fans all over the country. Since Fuller is one of the two or three most prodigiously gifted of young trombonists around today, he has been hard to replace. But there was a personality clash, and he and the Jazztet parted company.

Echoes of the rupture still are heard in the air around the group. For example, when Farmer said that the chief problem of getting the group off the ground had been financial, Golson added: "That and, in one case, personality."

"In music, as in other fields," Farmer elaborated, "there are things you can buy that aren't altogether desirable. You can buy a certain fidelity and loyalty for a short period of time. But sometimes it's not worth the cost."

"The group got off the ground very well economically," Kay Norton interjected. "But Art and Benny think so much in terms of building that they've put a lot of money back into the group. You try to explain that to a side man."

Farmer said: "We'd go and hear somebody work with us, and they'd say, 'Man, I've been hearing all about you cats. You're really makin' it. You're



gonna have to give me \$300 a week."

"No one ever understands the position of the leaders," Kay Norton said. "If you hear what the Jazztet's gross income will be for this year, it seems fantastic. But nobody realizes what's beneath all this. Because all jazz musicians have been over such rough roads themselves, they're inclined to overdo for their fellow musician — who doesn't appreciate it in the long run anyway."

"Gross figures can be misleading," Farmer said. "We have sunk more into the growth of the group than any other group that's ever existed, so far as I know."

"When this thing got going," Kay said, "Art was not only making a considerable sum of money from Gerry Mulligan, but he was making more side dates than any four trumpet players put together. So this has meant no more side dates for Benny, no more side dates for Art, and much less outside writing for Benny. No one will ever know what investment these two have made in this group."

"We've had backing, though," Art said. "It's no secret that if it hadn't been for Kay, we wouldn't have achieved any of the stature we have so far."

Kay said, "It's true that the original backing — which wasn't that much — did come from me. But what they really invested was the larger part of their gross income, plus the concentration of their talents and energies —



which were other sources of income — so that it's almost immeasurable. Art and Benny themselves have been the *real* backers of this group."

And for all of this business effort, Golson says that 10 times as much effort has gone into the musical end of the Jazztet undertaking.

Given the headaches, hassels, and financial risks of setting up a group, why have Farmer and Golson gone to the trouble, when both could have coasted on as prosperous sidemen indefinitely?

The answer is different in each case. Let's consider Farmer first.

"Frankly," said Art, "I can't sit here and say what it is that I want this group to do musically. Because, in a sense, I'm looking at the group just as an outsider would. I want it to *go*, and I want it to *do* — to do whatever it's going to do. But at the same time I'm looking at the group in this detached way, I'm also *in* it, and I want to add whatever I can to it to improve on the quality . . .

"There are certain things a person cannot predetermine, such as where they would be most effective, where the climate for growth would be better. Sometimes adversity is better for growth than comfort. And maybe the comfort of your own group might be detrimental, while the adversity of working with someone where you have to fight them might be better for your own growth. Now that's a thing that's



hypothetical and just a thought. But all I can think of is that there is no group around I want to work with."

A look at Farmer's background indicates that he's had more than his share of adversity. Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and reared in Arizona, he moved at the age of 16 to Los Angeles, where he went to high school for a year. "That was my last year in school," he said. He started working as a professional musician in 1945, with Horace Henderson. Later, he went east with the Johnny Otis band.

"I got fired from that band," he said. "I'd got hired as a first trumpet player, but I couldn't hold my job—I couldn't take care of business. So he fired me and got somebody else. The war was over, and the guys were coming home, y'know."

"So I stayed in New York and studied privately and worked as a janitor at the Alhambra theater on 125th St. at Seventh Ave. and at Radio City Music Hall. I was about 18, and I was making 20 bucks a week."

"I did that for about a year and a half and then got a job with Jay McShann's band. My brother, Addison, was playing bass with him at the time. We went back to the coast, and I started gigging with Teddy Edwards and Hampton Hawes and Gerald Wilson and Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray and people like that. I did that for three or four years, and then I got a job with Lionel Hampton."

Farmer's stint with Hampton is in-



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teresting to consider in retrospect, if for no other reason than because it reflects Hampton's remarkable ability to pick young talent: among the youngsters who occupied trumpet chairs in the band were three who were to make major marks in jazz—Art Farmer, Clifford Brown, and Quincy Jones. During a tour the band made of Sweden, some of the Hampton sidemen cut a disc with Swedish musicians that was to prove precious after Brown died in an automobile crash. Brown and Farmer were the featured soloists; Quincy has credited the disc with gaining him his first reputation as an arranger.

Farmer left the Hampton band to freelance in New York for a couple of years. Gigi Gryce and he had a group for a few months, and then he joined Horace Silver. After that, he went with the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Then came the Jazztet . . .

Golson's career has also had its share of adversity.

A native of Philadelphia, he attended Benjamin Franklin high school there and studied music privately. He started on piano at the age of 9, took up tenor saxophone at 14, clarinet at 15, and began writing at 17. In 1947, he entered Howard university and began to study music. "It was a straight up-and-down course for teaching," he said, "so after 2½ years, I quit."

Because piano was a mandatory course at the university, Golson had little time for tenor saxophone. But he did write some arrangements for the school band; they earned him \$7 a chart.

After he left school, he worked with a variety of groups, some of them rock-and-roll outfits. "I've worked with groups that I wouldn't care to work with now," he said in a typical Golson understatement. "But as I look back, I've got something from each of those groups, even when I was playing rock and roll."

In 1954, James Moody recorded a Golson composition; in 1955, Miles Davis recorded another, *Stablemates*. But Benny got little real exposure as a writer until 1956—four years ago—when he joined Dizzy Gillespie. He played a few dates on tenor saxophone but did not get much experience on the horn until he joined Art Blakey in 1958. "Then I started to feel like playing the saxophone," he says.

Thus it can be seen that, while Golson is considered one of the prominent tenor saxophonists in jazz today, he has actually been playing jazz tenor professionally and on something like a regular basis only for the past two years.

Golson's reputation as a composer

and arranger is at present greater than his reputation as a saxophonist. In the past few years, he has arranged for a bewildering variety of groups — James Moody, Miles Davis, Al Belletto, Dizzy Gillespie, Maynard Ferguson, Dinah Washington, Carmen McRae, Benny Goodman, and Art Blakey, among others — and for countless record dates.

Yet despite the comparative brevity of his experience as a jazz tenor saxophonist, his style is distinctive, and an attentive listener can often spot it after only one hearing. It is composed of a warm, soft tone, rather like that of Ben Webster, modern harmonic and melodic ideas, and a pervading lyricism. He is particularly effective on ballads — as, for that matter, is his partner. Farmer's playing, too, is deeply lyrical. And since Golson's writing has a warm romanticism about it, lyricism is one of the central qualities of the Jazztet.

Not that it cannot drive: it can and does, as in such tunes as the Farmer original, *Mox Nix*.

A good many of the tunes in the Jazztet's book are by Golson; Farmer has contributed only a few. "Primarily, my desire is to play," Farmer said. "I wish I could write, but I'm too much sidetracked by current events to write. Actually, I guess I haven't got the talent to write."

"That's not true," Golson interrupted.

"It's hard to explain," Farmer went on, "but I think of myself as a player, not as a writer. If I write something every now and then, it comes as a gift. It's not that I wouldn't like to write. I'd love to write, because I think that in writing you do not expend yourself as much physically as you do playing. I get tired as hell playing that horn!"

Paradoxically, while Farmer is one who thinks of himself as a player, and Golson thinks of himself, at least in large measure, as a writer, it is Golson who admits to getting the greatest enjoyment from playing.

"To me," Golson said, "it's a pleasurable experience every time I play."

"It's not a pleasure to me every time I play," Farmer retorted. "Every now and then it's a pleasure. But mostly it's a thing that has to be done . . . It's a function you have to perform. If you're a musician, you have to play. Just as if you're a human being, you have to breathe and eat, and if you smoke, you have to smoke a cigaret."

With such different backgrounds and thought processes, the remaining puzzle about the Jazztet is this: how do Farmer and Golson manage to

work so comfortably in tandem?

There is no simple answer. Kay Norton says it is a matter of deep mutual respect. This is reflected even in the way the group was formed. Golson was planning a sextet, heard that Farmer was leaving Mulligan, and decided to ask him to join the group. Meanwhile, unknown to him, Farmer was thinking of forming a quintet, and planned to ask Golson to join him. When Golson called Farmer, they both began laughing and then laid plans for the Jazztet.

This respect is the cornerstone of the Jazztet. "That and logic," Farmer said.

"We have to come together, and there is compromise," Golson said. "There has to be. But despite differences of viewpoint, I think there is an underlying similarity."

"The test is what you hear," Farmer said. "And that's the way we test things. We try things. And if we don't both like the way it sounds — if, for example, Benny likes a thing and I don't — well, that's it. And if I have an idea and we try it out, and he doesn't like it, that's also it."

"And it just happens that after we try out a thing, we are able somehow — through some miracle — to like or dislike the same thing. That is the way it has been so far."

Music, according to Farmer, "has one purpose to the listener, and another to the performer. To the listener, it's a thing of entertainment, basically. To the performer, it's a thing of expression. I say that anything that you experience that you don't take part in — a bullfight or a car wreck on the street — is entertainment. But you don't *entertain yourself*; you express."

Both Farmer and Golson have the passion to communicate to people; they are no back-turning temperamental artists holding nothing but scorn for the audience. "The purpose of this whole thing," Golson said, "is to get out what I have within myself, to get it across to other people, both in writing and playing. Maybe not all the time am I 100 per cent sure of what I'm doing! I'm trying new things sometimes. But what I'm trying to do over-all is express a feeling that I have within me to other people."

"I don't want to venture too far out. I don't want to be too complex. Basically I'd like to stay simple. I'd like to write melodically, and pretty harmonically. I'm not looking for anything that's going to revolutionize music. I like, most of all in writing, beauty. Although I'm not consciously looking for it, maybe I want something that's

Continued on Page 42

LEX HUMPHRIES

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The Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet—composed of the finest jazz talent in the world today is presently featuring drummer LEX HUMPHRIES, formerly of the Dizzy Gillespie group.

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By Cha

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THE HIGHEST HI-FI

By Charles Graham

For some time, musicians have been asking this department two questions more often than any others. What is the least expensive setup I can get that's really high fidelity? What's the best setup I could buy if money wasn't a first consideration?

The first question has been dealt with in these columns in the past (in the issues of Jan. 21 and June 9, and in *Music* 1960.) The second question—what is best in stereo gear—tends to be a matter of opinion along with: what is the best camera, Leica or Contax?

As will be seen, the best equipment is not always the most expensive. Although there is a wide range of choices when price is secondary, it is possible, nevertheless, to specify certain components as being so good that no others are better—spending additional money would produce no better sound.

With these considerations in mind, the following high fidelity components are recommended. Each has been tested extensively and has been on the market for a considerable time. None has been chosen for superficial appeal. They're built to last, as well as to deliver results that cannot be topped at any price. Actually, most of these units are as good, soundwise, as much more expensive broadcast and recording studio equipment, though most of them cost much less.

There are three basic parts in every high fidelity setup, stereo or mono. They are the *sound source* (phonograph, radio tuner or tape machine), the *amplifier* (preamp and power amplifier(s) may be separate or on one chassis), and the *loudspeakers*, including enclosures. Every system must have an amplifier and speaker(s), but may start off with only one sound source, with others added later.

Since every system requires an amplifier, we'll discuss that first. We've chosen the *Scott* 272 complete 88-watt amplifier, which costs \$269.95. This deluxe all-in-one stereo preamplifier and

dual power amplifier has the most flexible set of controls we have ever seen on any amplifier at any price, and includes the famous *Scott* patented Dynaural rumble suppressor. This unique circuit eliminates the rumble that some changers, or even some turntables, may create when used with speakers with extremely good bass response. But it doesn't affect the lowest notes of music, even low piano or organ tones.

The 272 amplifier has the two separate inputs for using the two different phono cartridges that all *Scott* units have. (Why don't more manufacturers provide this? It's excellent for comparing cartridges, and for switching from turntable to changer instantly.) It also has every possible sort of stereo and phase reversing switch, loudness-volume choice, input for playing direct from a tape deck, separate bass and treble, and many other useful controls. The *Scott* 272 costs \$269.95. Compared with the best stereo preamp and twin amplifier combinations of some other prominent manufacturers, it's almost inexpensive. (Some preamps cost \$200 and more, with power amps more than \$100 each. Thus a deluxe combination can cost about \$500. But they'll sound and perform no better.)

As an alternate deluxe amplifier for those who prefer the less flexible, more conservative way the British do things, the Leak Point One stereo preamp and the Stereo 50 power amplifier (dual 20-watts) makes a combination that matches the *Scott* in every way except control facility and maximum power output. It should be pointed out that the 40-watt English rating is equivalent to much more, in comparison with many American units, for Leak rates everything very conservatively. These Leak units, incidentally, are used by Marshall Stearns, director of the Institute of Jazz Studies, and Tyree Glenn, the top trombonist-vibist whose installation was described in *Down Beat* Feb. 18 and Aug. 4. This Leak combination costs a bit less than \$300.

Next on the list of components every installation must include are the loudspeakers. All the good ones have at least two-way systems for each channel (a woofer and one or more tweeters) and the best are three-way: woofers, tweeters, and midrange speakers. They also have enclosures for the speaker drivers (the loudspeaker itself, excluding the cabinet).

There is even more difference of opinion among experts about speakers than about amplifiers. Nevertheless, one speaker principle developed in the past 10 years has all but swept the field. It has greatly influenced the whole field of speaker design and manufacturing toward small enclosures (away from the corner horns that Paul Klipech pioneered earlier with major effect on the industry). That principle is the acoustic suspension invented by Edgar Vilchur.

Vilchur has built a successful company from scratch into one of the biggest in the high fidelity industry, and has even licensed other successful companies to use his principle. One of these is the big Heath Co., which put out a kit model of his medium-priced AR-2 (Heath's kit costs \$69, complete AH-2A about \$105). The best speaker to be bought today at any price for home use is Acoustic Research Model AR-3. It costs \$225 or so, depending on wood finish, and contains a 12-inch woofer and two special AR tweeters.

Some people who like the AR speakers nevertheless prefer the units made by a licensee, KLH, Inc. The KLH woofer is similar to AR's, but KLH uses its own tweeters. Here it's a toss-up though this department prefers the AR. Most people would agree that, matched with top-quality equipment throughout, either the AR-3 or the competitive KLH unit will deliver incredible sound.

Other enthusiasts have for some time preferred tweeters of the electrostatic type along with acoustic suspension woofers. Adding a good electrostatic to each stereo channel can run an extra

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PRESTIGE / NEW JAZZ


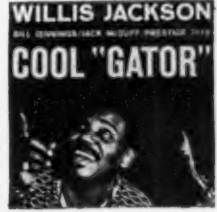

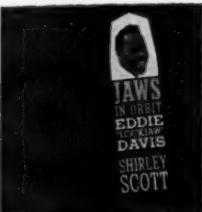





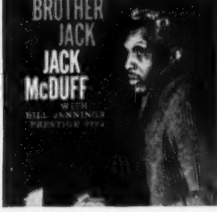



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| <p>WINCHESTER LEM WINCHESTER & BENNY GOLSON NJLP 8223</p> | E | <p>TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS OLIVER NELSON NJLP 8233</p> <p>TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS oliver nelson</p> | A | <p>CRY! - TENDER YUSEF LATEEF NJLP 8234</p> <p>CRY! TENDER yusef lateef</p> |
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Continued from Page 25

\$100 or so. With the new tweeters AR has added to its woofers, this is gilding the lily.

For our radio tuner, we have again chosen a Scott unit—the Model 310-D wideband FM-only tuner, at \$184.95. No tuner at a higher price has proved more sensitive in our extended tests, though the new Leak FM tuner at \$140, which we just received, comes close. If an FM-AM unit is desired for stereo pickup in cities that have stereo broadcasts on FM and AM-affiliated stations, the Scott 330-D at \$209.95 is our choice.

The magnetic pickup that has worked most faithfully and sounded best, despite many competitive car-

tridges brought out since its introduction about two years ago is the Shure Stereo Dynetic M-3D. It costs \$45, has a diamond stylus that is easily replaced, and fits into any standard tone arm. If one were starting a system entirely new, a perfect arm-cartridge combination—one that would result in absolute minimum stereo disc wear—is the London-Scott Type 1000. Its cost is \$89.95, which is little more than that of other superior cartridges, since it includes the cost of the arm. (This arm and cartridge combination can be used only together, not with other units.)

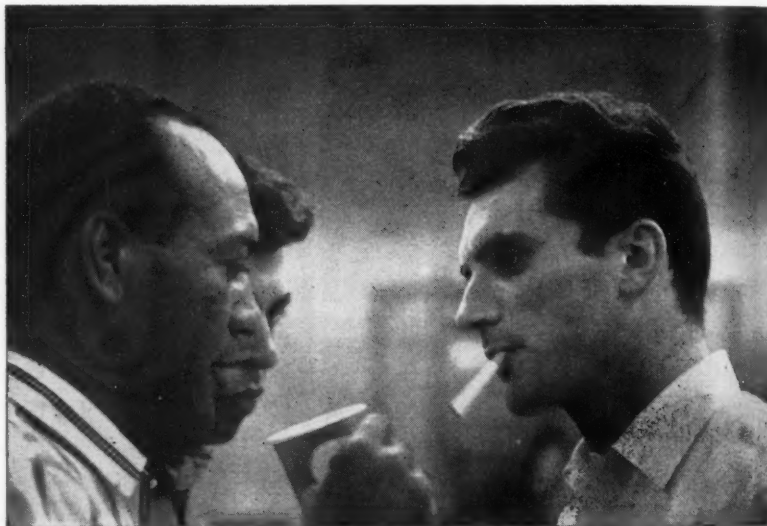
If a new tone arm (transcription arm) is needed, the Audio Empire Model 98 is an ideal choice. It includes every feature of adjustment and interchangeability of any previous arm, together with

better balance and tracking design. It takes plug-in heads for rapid changing of cartridges for stereo, 78 discs, or even mono LPs. The Audio-Empire 98 arm costs \$34.50.

Either the Garrard 301 or the Thorens TD-124 transcription turntable (at \$89 and \$99, respectively) will provide the ultimate in turntable performance. Each has a control to adjust the speed slightly above or below standard speeds.

And top-grade installations will include at least two pairs of stereo headphones with an adapter box for controlling volume and turning the loudspeakers on or off while the phones are in use. (See the article on phones in *Down Beat*, Aug. 4.) Koss phones costs only \$24.95 a pair, the adaptor box \$8.

MEET THE A & R MAN DAVE AXELROD



By John Tynan

With the possible exception of the newspaper business, the record industry seems to produce more rugged individualists than any other. Most of them gravitate at one time or another toward the production of jazz discs. Dave Axelrod, 28-year-old head of jazz recording for the Hifijazz label, is scarcely an exception.

Never one to dodge an issue, voluble, intense Axelrod has decidedly unorthodox opinions on home reproduction audio systems. "As far as I'm concerned," he declared in pointed reply to a question on playback equipment for the home, "all this stuff about high fidelity components and expensive stereo rigs is a bunch of nonsense. Man, it's the music on the record that counts, not the range of cycles and the rest. Frankly, I fail to see the connection between railroad trains and jazz. Making

jazz records and digging the music is what we're supposed to be—not audio nuts."

The albums produced by Axelrod have earned him a growing reputation as probably the best and most understanding jazz artists and repertoire man on the west coast. Whether a studio date such as *The Fox* (by the Harold Land Quintet) or a location session as was *Jimmy Witherspoon at the Renaissance* (with Gerry Mulligan and Ben Webster), the feeling on Axelrod's albums invariably is the same: a sense of relaxation, intangible but discernible—a free-blown quality that seems to pervade the sessions. This is no accident; it is the trademark of a creative worker gifted with the knack of getting the most from an artist by establishing a congenial environment.

There is more to this trick than pro-

(Ed. note: With this issue *Down Beat* begins a series of articles on the jazz a&r men. In the younger days of the record business, right up to the advent of Mitch Miller, in fact, the artists and repertoire man was a sometimes shadowy figure working in the backlight of his artists' performances. Sometimes called supervisor, frequently titled producer of the singles and albums whose course he husbands from initial idea to finished master tape, the a&r man uses sound and its reproductive equipment as part of the tools of his trade. His intimacy with modern recording techniques insofar as they are applied to capturing the sound of jazz on magnetic tape and his interest in the sound properties of the finished long play disc or pre-recorded tape will be variedly reflected in this series. First subject at bat is Dave Axelrod, west coast a & r man.

viding a free supply of liquor at the date. As many jazz & men know, too much booze may blow your entire session. In Axelrod's case, it is a genuine rapport between himself in the control room and the jazzmen on the other side of the glass. More than one observer at an Axelrod date has partially ascribed the happy feeling to the & man's excited antics in the booth during a particularly stimulating take. More than one musician recording for Axelrod for the first time has been startled by the sight of the supervisor jumping up and down like a bobbing cork, grinning from ear to ear, and yelling encouragement to the players.

But infectious enthusiasm is not the only factor in bringing off a successful jazz date. A sympathetic engineer (mixer) can make a world of difference between a stiff, stodgy recording and a live, vibrant capturing of the essence of jazz sounds.

At Hollywood's Radio Recorders, where Axelrod records all his sessions, the & man has a mixer he swears by. "Art Becker is the unsung engineer of the business," he said emphatically. "The crew I use there is one of the most understanding teams in the country."

"For the past five years Becker and I have worked together, so that by now he knows the sound I want to achieve. He knows just what I want. Say I want a change in echo. I just tell Art to make it a little wetter or drier, as the case may be. And he knows exactly what I want in balance."

"I feel as long as the balance is good, a listener doesn't need fancy playback equipment," Axelrod explained. "Now I like to hear every instrument in the rhythm section blended together so that the sound becomes one driving, pulsing thing, yet the separate instruments can be heard, too. And I like my solo instruments well out in front."

"One of the complaints Harold Land makes about the balance on most of the jazz records put out by a leading independent label is that the horns are never out in front."

Axelrod's method of recording stereo-phonically is to keep two tape machines running simultaneously, one binaural and one monaural. This means extra cost, of course—for use of the machines plus the cost of extra tape. The & man prearranges with the studio to run either three-track or two-track binaural tape at his option.

"As to the actual session," Axelrod elaborated, "I monitor in monaural in the control room, then listen to the playback in stereo over the studio speakers."

But Axelrod has reservations about stereo recording. "What's the sense of recording a trio in stereo?" he asked.

"Or the Mitchell-Ruff Duo? When you do this, you're making gimmicks. I don't record gimmicks; I make music."

Why, then, does he record even small groups in stereophonic sounds? "That's simple. Because people have stereo sets today and they're buying stereo sound."

"Again, I don't want to be misunderstood," he said. "I'm not rapping high cost stereo equipment for listening. But I really don't seem to need it when I dig records."

Axelrod feels the individual music lover should buy "the best he can afford" in playback equipment but, he emphasized, "To me, the set is unimportant. I'm listening to the music. It's what's being said on the record that counts. Listen to any of the old Billie Holiday 78s and you'll hear what I mean. Naturally, the better the set, the better your record is going to sound, but this is just a refinement of the basic pleasure and satisfaction you get from the performance itself. If you're really a jazz fan, who cares about the stereo sound? One of my most prized albums, for example, is a tape made of Bird at a party, and the sound is the worst. But it's Bird, man, and that's what counts."

"When push comes to shove," Axelrod declared with finality, "it's the performance that really matters."

Producer's Choice

Dave Axelrod can look back to a variety of albums produced for a number of record companies during the past five years. These he considers his most worthwhile undertakings:

Singin' the Blues, with Jimmy Witherspoon accompanied by a lineup of star jazzmen including Harry Edison and Hampton Hawes, on the World Pacific label.

The Fox, with Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Dupree Bolton, trumpet; Elmo Hope, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass, and Frank Butler, drums, on the Hifi-jazz label.

Jimmy Witherspoon at the Renaissance, with Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Mel Lewis, drums, on Hifi-jazz.

Around the World In 80 Days, with Gerald Wiggins Trio playing soundtrack selections from the picture (Wiggins, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Bill Douglass, drums) on Specialty.

Axelrod's final choice as one of his best albums is a Frank Rosolino Quintet date for Specialty—as yet unreleased—comprising Rosolino, Harold Land, Victor Feldman, Leroy Vinnegar, and Stan Levey.

THINGS TO COME

Sept. 15
On the cover:
Inside:

(On sale Sept. 1)

Paul Desmond.

Marian McPartland continues her penetrating analyses of her fellow musicians (her first was Joe Morello, *Down Beat*, March 3, 1960) with a long look at poll-winning altoist Paul Desmond. Ira Sullivan, unrecognized trumpet-saxophone great, is the subject of an article by Don DeMicheal. West coast associate editor John Tynan writes about controversial pianist Les McCann. Complete coverage of the Evansville Jazz festival in words and pictures. Special early *Down Beat* Reader Poll ballot for overseas readers. Record reviews. Columns.

Also:

Sept. 29
On the cover:

(On sale Sept. 15)

Scene from the school dance band movement. This is the annual School Band issue and will feature a report on the Stan Kenton clinics at the National Dance Band Camp now being held in Bloomington, Ind.; as well, there is a reappraisal of the Maynard Ferguson Band by Ira Gitler. The enlarged *Up Beat* section will include a special big band arrangement. Record reviews, thorough news coverage, Randall's Island and other festival reports.

Oct. 13
On the cover:
Inside:

(On sale Sept. 29)

Mel Tormé.

Singer Tormé is the subject of a lengthy study by *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees. Flautist-saxophonist James Moody tells his story to Ira Gitler. *Down Beat's* expanded stereo section will feature a loud-speaker roundup—kits and ready-made.

Also:

Record reviews by *Down Beat's* expanded panel of reviewers. Late news and penetrating columns.

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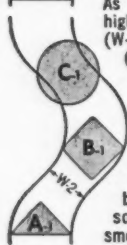
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As the groove is modulated by high tones, the groove width (W-2) cut by the recording stylus (A-1) narrows. This causes the ordinary ball needle (C-1) to rise and "pinch out" of the record groove. It bridges modulation crests, mistracks centerline and distorts sound impressions. The Pyramid Diamond (B-1), because of its new shape, stays solidly in the record groove, smoothly glides along the centerline positively driven by the groove walls.



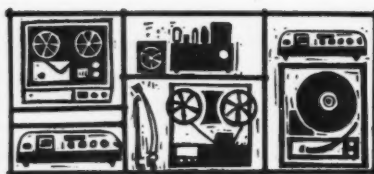
And the new shape of the Pyramid Diamond allows more surface contact between needle and record, substantially reducing contact pressure. This greatly increases needle and record life.

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"Newest shape on records"



STEREO SHOPPING WITH RAY BRYANT

By Charles Graham

Winner of this year's new talent award in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critic's poll, pianist Ray Bryant said recently: "I'm more interested in the notes on a record than the quality of reproduction." He said he'd heard good stereo in broadcast studios on the playback of recording sessions, but the stereo he had at home was so little different from mono that he rarely bothered to turn the mon-stereo switch!

Like most musicians, Ray has always had a phonograph, and he has listened extensively to other pianists. His first great idols were Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, and he wore out many of their records on a series of little portable machines. Today, at his home in Elmhurst, N.Y., he has LP reissues of many of their earlier recordings.

Ray invited me to come out to look at his setup when I said there must be something wrong with it if his stereo was weak. I found a small Colonial console phonograph using the CBS-developed stereo output circuit. It had

a Webcor changer, a turnover ceramic cartridge, and an extension speaker on the other side of the room.

Ray put on a stereo record made when he was a member of the Jo Jones Trio. As you switched the set from mono to stereo, there was a very slight change in the apparent placement of the piano, but little of the rich "spread" that good stereo should provide. We tried other records with the same results: a little separation on some instruments but no real stereo sound.

I agreed with Ray that the notes are more important than the quality of the sound. He agreed that he'd like to have a better setup if it would really improve the sound, and he said he'd like to hear my setup.

Ray brought along some old Prestige and Blue Note 78 records, to check the model system, saying, "Rudy Van Gelder does all the master recordings for Prestige. He does something to the bass so that even on those little old portable sets I used to use, you could always hear the bass. I wonder how he does it better than other engineers?"

He found that with the economy amplifier of our setup, the Eico HF-81, he could get more bass out of the AR speakers than he wanted, and could also turn up the treble controls to get as much of the highs as he wished. He agreed that good stereo is worth having. Even after hearing records on the more expensive amplifier and turntable he said, "That Eico's for me."

Ray told me he'd heard of an FM station in Philadelphia that played only jazz, 24 hours a day. He said many musicians there never dial another station at all, just turn their sets off and on. He said he'd like to get a tuner like the one he saw in the article on Yusef Lateef in the last stereo section of *Down Beat*.

I told him that the Granco FM tuner, a miniature unit that costs only \$20, would be fine for picking up local stations. But a more sensitive unit might be required to pick up the Philadelphia station from Elmhurst. We decided on the Scott 314 FM tuner, which costs \$115. This tuner has a sensitivity of one microvolt, and is one of the best units available for long-distance FM reception.

This was Ray's final choice for his setup-to-be:

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Eico amplifier HF-81 |\$109.00 |
| or as a kit |\$ 69.50 |
| Garrard manual player |\$ 32.00 |
| wood base |\$ 4.50 |
| Pickering 380 cartridge | |
| with diamond |\$ 29.85 |
| Eico speakers HFS-1 at |\$ 39.95 |
| Granco FM tuner |\$ 20.00 |
| or | |
| Scott FM tuner 314 |\$115.00 |

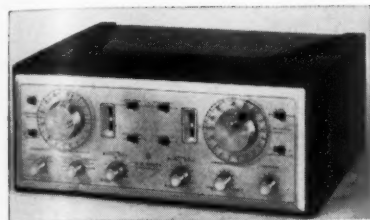
Scott 314 (receiver) make a 20-watt complete stereo

Top-quality all magnetic convenient and plug

FM tuner action on each station for six

The first Quad, a stereosystem range, 10 cycles. It eight in

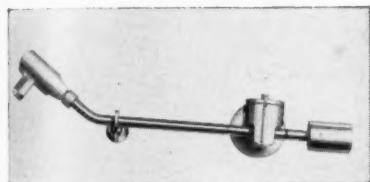
NEW PRODUCTS



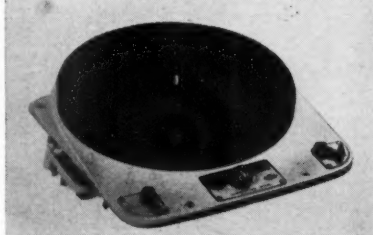
Scott 399 all-in-one stereo amplifier-turner (receiver) requires only two speaker systems to make a complete stereo setup. It includes dual 20-watt amps, scratch and rumble filters, complete stereo controls. \$398.95.



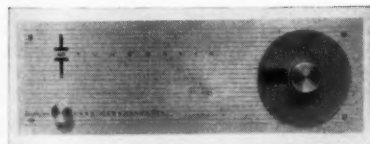
Engineered by maker, McIntosh Laboratories, to be the best tuner ever built, the model MR-55A has extreme sensitivity on both FM and AM. Price \$274, including cabinet.



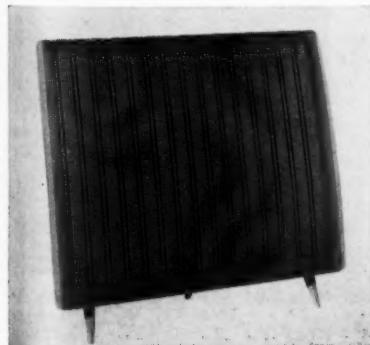
Top-quality Audio-Empire 98 tone arm accepts all magnetic phonograph cartridges, has convenient pressure adjustment knob (near pivot) and plug-in head(s), and costs \$34.50.



Garrard 301 transcription turntable is best at any price, costs \$89.



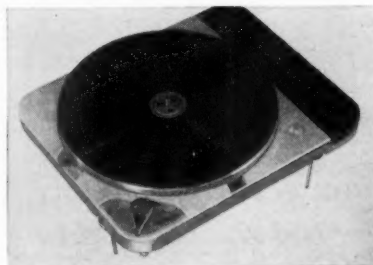
FM tuner, with channel switching similar to action of TV station selector, has crystals for each station, cannot mistune. Karg Tunematic for six stations, \$170. For 12 stations, \$200.



The first full-range electrostatic speaker is the Quad, an English import. Unlike previous electrostatics, which reproduced only the treble range, this unit handles bass to below 40 cycles. It is 2½ feet high, three feet wide, and eight inches deep. It costs about \$300.



Matching Leak amplifiers in appearance, Leak Model II FM tuner is built to last, maintain its sensitivity for a long time. It costs \$140.



Thorens TD-124 top-rated turntable has built-in stroboscope-and-neon bulb for precise setting of speeds. Vernier adjustment allows off-speed adjustment to match discs to piano or other fixed-pitch instruments.

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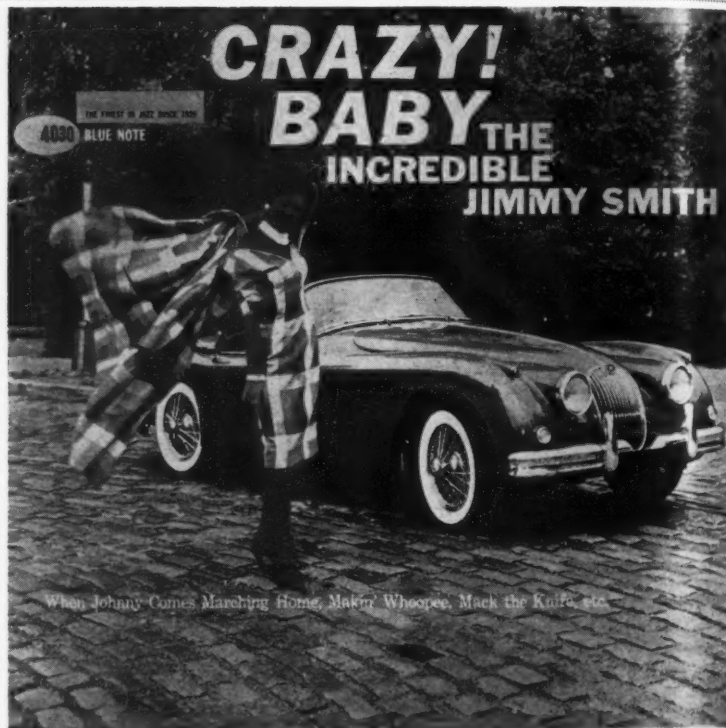
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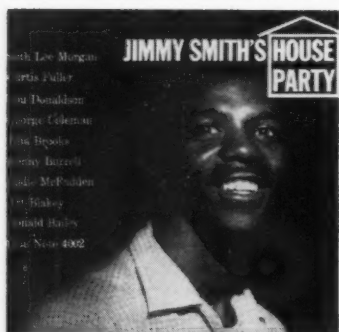
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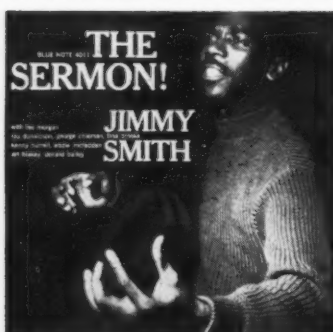
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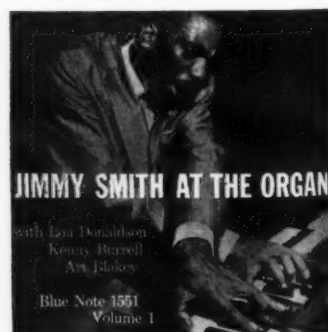
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● RECORDS ● JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE ● BLINDFOLD TEST ● CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Bernstein/Vivaldi

■ VIVALDI Concerto in D Minor for Oboe, Strings, and Cembalo; Concerto in C Minor for Flute, Strings, and Cembalo; Concerto in C Major for Piccolo, Strings, and Cembalo; Concerto in C Major for Diverse Instruments—Columbia MS-6131.

Personnel: Leonard Bernstein conducting members of the New York Philharmonic, including Harold Gomberg, oboe; John Wummer, flute, and F. William Heim, piccolo.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Antonio Vivaldi wrote 454 concertos, according to a man who has counted them, Marc Pincherle. Most of them were for the girl musicians of the Ospedale della Pietà, in Venice, a foundling home that evidently housed some young women who were legitimate virtuosos, regardless of how illegitimate they were otherwise. Bernstein's Philharmonic aces are, in some cases, none too proficient in coping with the technical demands of this music. This becomes doubly impressive when one considers, for instance, that the female flutist of Vivaldi's day was playing not the modern keyed flute, but the primitive sort whose holes had to be stopped with the fingers.

This is all delightful music, however, played with a suggestion of the 18th century spirit, though the use of modern instruments such as the harp to take the place of the theoboried lute and use of a rather wide vibrator sin against the letter of Baroque law. (D.H.)

Katin/Grieg

■ GRIEG Piano Concerto in A Minor; LITOLFF Scherzo from Concerto Symphonique, Op. 102—Richmond B-19061.

Personnel: Peter Katin, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis.

Rating: ★ ★

London Records' bargain-priced line has many a recording that stacks up well with the highest priced alternatives. This Katin disc is not one of them. Katin and Davis run through the Grieg concerto without arousing a moment of interest.

The soloist has no trouble with the technical hazards of the work, but fails to rise to any of its emotional climaxes. The sound, too, is inferior, marked by wavering pitch in the inner grooves. (D.H.)

Wallenstein/Brahms

■ BRAHMS Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 98—Audio Fidelity FCS-50,001.

Personnel: Virtuoso Symphony of London conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Audio Fidelity continues its incomprehensible policy of hewing to Olympian technical standards but being satisfied with mediocre musical content. In this latest release in its First Component series,

nothing more could be asked in the way of stereo sound, and the surfaces are laudably silent. Moreover, the orchestra is top-notch.

Wallenstein, however, delivers a pedestrian Brahms Fourth. Tempos and other aspects of the performance are carefully traditional, but there is no overarching line of lyricism, nor any commanding pulse to the music. If you are in the market for a Brahms Fourth, you would be wise to consider the new Bruno Walter version in stereo. The engineering is not quite up to Audio Fidelity's and the orchestra is a cut beneath Wallenstein's—but Walter's understanding of the work is immeasurably superior. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Chet Baker

■ CHET BAKER IN MILAN—Jazzland 18: *Lady Bird*; *Cheryl Blues*; *Tune Up*; *Line For Lyons*; *Pent Up House*; *Look for the Silver Lining*; *Indian Summer*; *My Old Flame*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-6—Chet Baker, trumpet; Glauco Masetti, alto saxophone; Gianni Basso, tenor; Renato Sellani, piano; Granco Serri, bass; Gene Victory, drums. Tracks 7, 8—Baker, trumpet; Sellani, piano; Serri, bass; Victory, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Baker may not be moving toward new eminence in jazz, but, happily, as this date of last October shows, neither is

there is a sign of wasted, frittered talent.

He plays with warmth and assurance, his gift of melodic inventiveness is paraded clear and unmistakably, and his sensitivity to luminous tone beauty has not dimmed. He also demonstrates a wide dimension of interpretive ability, ranging from the almost casual development of the melodic patterns of *Silver Lining* to the tight, elegant handling of the up-tempo *Tune Up*, and from the poignant restraint of *Indian Summer* to the diffuse, Miles-like lines of *Cheryl*. There are a few jarring moments, such as the sudden, somewhat awkward, change of musical thought in the 20th bar of his first chorus on *Lyons*, but these are minor and not important. All in all, he is in good shape in this album.

The Italian musicians heard here are not without interest. Arranger Libano has thrown up a pleasant, orthodox facade for Chet's interior wanderings, and the horns and rhythm are bright, if not distinguished. The alto, tenor, and piano are given ample blowing room, but there seems to have been a tacit agreement that this being Chet's album, there was to be an economy of emotion. Masetti, especially, sounds as if he might be a real wailer. (G.M.E.)

Sonny Clark

■ SONNY CLARK TRIO—Time 70010: *Minor Meeting*; *Nica*; *Sonny's Crip*; *Blues Mambo*; *Blues Blue*; *Junk*; *My Conception*; *Sonia*.

Personnel: Clark, piano; Max Roach, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a fine album, full of good swinging moments and with a nice, bright, overall freshness to it that is surprising, since the idiom in which it speaks has been around so long.

Clark has facility, roots, and a fine ability to transmit emotion in his solos. On the opening track he gets a really deep blues feeling. On the second track, there's a lovely bass solo with excellent backing by the drums, and on the second side there's a tune by Clark, *Conception*, which is simply beautiful, both as a composition and as a performance.

Roach and Duvivier are a boon to any pianist. Let us hope there will be more LPs by Clark. He's a first-rate pianist. (R.J.G.)

Eddie Condon

■ TIGER RAG AND ALL THAT JAZZ—World Pacific Stereo 1292: *Ostrich Walk*; *Livery Stable Blues*; *Lazy Daddy*; *Sensation Rag*; *Reisenweber Rag*; *Bluin' the Blues*; *Lazy River*; *Tiger Rag*.

Personnel: Condon, guitar; Rex Stewart, cornet; Cutty Cutshall, trombones; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Gene Schroeder,

A New Reviewer

In line with a general expansion of the reviewing staff, begun last fall, *Down Beat* with this issue adds another record reviewer to its roster. He is Gilbert Maurice Erskine.

Erskine, a Pennsylvanian now 32 years old, has studied for three years at Loyola of the South, in New Orleans, majoring in music. He stayed in New Orleans for two years after college, jobbing with various groups. During this five-year period, he became intimately familiar not only with the history of jazz in New Orleans and its styles, but with all the older musicians still living and practicing their art there.

He is, however, interested in modern jazz too, and while — because of his expert knowledge — he will deal mostly with New Orleans jazz in his reviews, he will review moderns from time to time as well.

He is now living in Chicago, where he is working toward a master's degree at the University of Chicago.

piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; George Wettling, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One . . . two . . . three . . . every man for himself! At least, that sounds like the spirit in which most of this session was conceived; the ensembles sound like a free-for-all on Saturday night.

There are a couple of exceptions to this—*Ostrich* and *Bluin'*. These take just the opposite tack; the ensemble sounds like the old Summa Cum Laude group that Freeman had some years ago, a group whose ensemble passages were sometimes overpolite and whose sustained background took on hotel-band proportions.

Stewart contributes more than any other to the come-out-swinging atmosphere; he doesn't lead the others—he overwhelms them. At times, Hall and Cutshall are all but inaudible in ensemble, and Freeman just adds to the confusion of the in-and-out choruses.

Fortunately, the solo work saves the whole shebang from becoming a complete shambles. All the horns have their moments but none as consistently as Freeman. Although he adds nothing to the ensembles, Bud is utterly refreshing when he hoarsely spews forth his hot-as-molten-lead choruses, as he does on *Livery Stable and Bluin' the Blues*. On the latter he evens barks! Hall takes second place in solo honors; his best work is his crackling solo on *Lazy River*. Cutshall shows two faces on this disc: one is his pretty Brad Gownas mask, the other has no name but is considerably dirtier.

All the tunes are of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band repertoire, and I wonder if this LP didn't start out as some sort of dedication to the ODB. With all the album's faults, there is one thing that can be said for it in regard to the tunes: these men attacked the ODB library with more spirit than the so-called "originators of jazz" ever thought existed.

(D.DeM.)

Buddy De Franco

☐ ☐ GENERALISSIMO—Verve MG V-8363: *Sunday: Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Tea For Two; Blue Lou; Funky's Uncle; Bullad Medley: 'Round Midnight; You Don't Know What Love Is; How Can We Be Wrong; Lullaby Of the Leaves; Yesterdays.*

Personnel: De Franco, clarinet; Harry (Sweets) Edison, trumpet; Bob Hardaway, tenor saxophone; Barney Kessel, guitar; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite the totalitarian-sounding title, this gathering of pros is a happily democratic session, musically speaking. The junior member of the group is tenorist Hardaway but, considering the quality contributions of his colleagues here and the consequent stiff competition, he acquits himself honorably.

Because this is another of those "one side" albums (in this case, side A), the rating suffers. Tracks 1 through 4 are consistently stimulating, with De Franco and Sweets blowing with the confidence and assertiveness that have become their hallmarks. Kessel, too, is taking care of business, lying quietly in the background until it comes his turn to solo, then leaping out to have his say.

The medium-tempoed *Funky's Uncle*, despite the humor of the title, is overlong

and without any real excitement; it wanders on and on and the musicians sound as if they lost interest long before the coda.

De Franco, Edison, and Rowles come off best in the ballad medley with relayed interpretations of *Midnight, Wrong*, and *Leaves*, respectively. Hardaway is adequate and pretty on *You Don't Know*; Kessel toys around with *Yesterdays* without much conviction, then drifts into shallow technical skittering.

For the first side, then, the album warrants a four-star rating; the playing by all concerned is deeply swinging in heathly, mainstream fashion. (J.A.T.)

Buddy DeFranco

☐ ☐ WHOLLY CATS—Verve MG V-8375: *All the Things You Are; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; I Surrender Dear; More Than You Know; Night and Day; Wholly Cats.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Linn (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5), Don Fagerquist (tracks 4, 6), trumpets; George Auld (tracks 4, 6), tenor saxophone; Vic Feldman (tracks 4, 6), vibes; Jimmy Rowles (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5), Carl Perkins (tracks 4, 6), piano; Joe Mondragon (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5), Leroy Vinnegar (tracks 4, 6), bass; Alvin Stoller (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5), Stan Lovey (tracks 4, 6), drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album raises the question of whether challenge and newness are necessary parts of a better-than-average LP. I think not. There is certainly nothing new

or challenging in this collection—it sounds like somebody got the idea of recapturing the spirit of the old Benny Goodman Sextet and Artie Shaw Gramercy Five. Nevertheless, the end result is highly pleasing.

This easy, nonfrantic approach is really the forgotten facet of jazz. Where could you hear live such a lightly swinging group as this? There may be clubs featuring chamber-style jazz of this type scattered about the country, but they're not numerous.

The heart of this album is the truly melodic invention of the soloists. The vertical, arpeggiated mode of playing is held to a minimum. DeFranco is especially warm and lyrical, structuring his choruses more carefully and linearly than is his usual wont. His playing on the blues *Wholly Cats* fairly sings. With just Kessel's guitar filling in, DeFranco gives a lesson in phrasing on the ad lib verse of *More*. Buddy's work throughout the collection is the epitome of taste and discretion. His tone was never fuller or warmer.

Kessel pays his respects to Charlie Christian by incorporating bits and phrases of the late master into his solos. It's been a long time since I have heard the old B. G. Sextet versions of *Surrender* and *Wholly Cats*, but it sounds like Kessel must have played them just before the

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★★★★★

Various Artists (folk), *Prison Worksongs* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS A-5)

Various Artists (folk), *Angola Prison Spirituals* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS-6)

★★★★½

Helen Humes (vocal) (Contemporary M-3571)

Mel Torme Swings *Shubert Alley* (vocal) (Verve MG V-2132)

Various Artists, *One World Jazz* (Columbia WS 314)

★★★★★

Nat Adderley, *Work Song* (Riverside RLP 12-318)

Mose Allison, *Transfiguration of Hiram Brown* (Columbia CL 1444)

Ornette Coleman, *Change of the Century* (Atlantic 1327)

Frank D'Rone (vocal) *After the Ball* (Mercury MG 20586)

Red Garland Trio and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis (Prestige Moodsville Vol. 1)

John Handy, *In the Vernacular* (Roulette Birdland R 22042)

Woody Herman's Big New Herd at the Monterey Jazz Festival (Atlantic 1328)

Earl Hines, *Earl's Pearls* (MGM E 3832)

Paul Horn, *Something Blue* (Hifijazz J 615)

Stan Kenton, *Standards in Silhouette* (Capitol ST 1394)

Wes Montgomery-Harold Land, *Montgomeryland* (Pacific Jazz Stereo 5)

Various Artists (reissue) *Singing the Blues* (RCA-Camden CAL 588)

Phil Woods-Gene Quill: *Phil Talks with Quill* (Epic LN 3521)

Si Zentner (dance), *Suddenly It's Swing* (Liberty D-LST 7139)

recording session, for his work is so similar to the Christians.

The solos of the other men on the date are generally in keeping with the spirit of the Goodman sextet and the Shaw group (Rowles even attaches a gadget to the piano to get a harpsichord effect on *Smoke and Night*, making the resemblance to the Gramercy Five unmistakable). Fagerquist drops a few bopish licks here and there, but doesn't detract from the late 1930s feeling. Auld, the only one on the date who was a member of one of parent groups—excepting Kessel who played in a later Gramercy Five—wears a Lesterian suit which doesn't fit too well. The last chorus of his *Wholly Cats* solo is an almost note-for-note copy of a Young chorus.

Even though there is nothing new or challenging in this album, I think you will find it a source of refreshment and enjoyment over the years. (D.DeM.)

Eric Dolphy

OUTWARD BOUND—New Jazz NJLP 8236: *G.W.*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Les*; *245*; *Glad to Be Unhappy*; *Miss Toni*.

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Jackie Byard, piano; George Tucker, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album is the first extended exposure I've had to the remarkable talent that is Eric Dolphy's. On the strength of what I experienced in the course of absorbing the release, I firmly believe that this man will be one of the most rewarding jazzmen of the coming decade.

It's possible to draw a parallel between Dolphy and Ornette Coleman—similar harmonic conceptions being the most cogent—but, to me, Dolphy's message is the more coherent, and his is the greater talent. Drawing parallels, however, can get out of hand; in the end, the artist must be judged on his own work, though comparisons and contrasts play an important role in shaping any judgment.

Above all else, his playing and writing have life. Sometimes sounding as if it is boiling with rage, Dolphy's music is filled with sharp, jagged lines that lift the listener as they spiral to peak after peak of raw emotional expression. The impact of his work is in his startling display of these emotions. I know of no word that would neatly categorize the emotional content of Dolphy's work, but it would have to encompass fury, frustration, and all the other twisting emotions.

Of the three horns he uses on this date, his bass clarinet is the most intriguing. I've never heard a sound quite like the one he gets on this neglected instrument. In the upper register, the sound is best described as being close to an alto's, but this doesn't catch the flavor of its uniqueness. In the lower register, the sound doesn't vary too much from the timbre usually associated with the instrument, but Dolphy produces a more tortured tone than one is used to hearing from bass clarinet.

Several times on the bass clarinet tracks, his solo attack—and it's best described as an attack—is preceded by a yelp from the instrument. This may be a characteristic of the horn when played hard, or it may be a quirk of Dolphy's. But whatever the reason behind this yelp, the effect is marvelous.

Although Dolphy varies his conception on all three instruments—his flute is less like his bass clarinet than is his alto—there is a taut wire binding them all together: the power to transmit emotion from the player to the listener. And that's the mark of a real artist.


Hubbard displays a lyrical ability and firmness that belie his relative youth. His clear tone and excellent execution enhance his logical ideas. His solo on 245 catches the melancholy spirit of deserted streets, but he brightens it with sly asides that keep it from becoming moribund.

Green Dolphin finds him in a Miles mood, mute in mike and all. But the similarity is a surface one; Hubbard's work is happier than is Davis'. His playing is shot through with this exuberance, which




only once, toward the end of his solo on *Les*, gets the upper hand.



The man who best catches the spirit of Dolphy is Byard. His playing is as craggy as the leader's, but I get the feeling that his instrument is impeding his fullest expression. After all, there are things you can do on reed instruments that are impossible on piano. For example, in his *G.W.* solo he plays one dissonant passage in which the voices are moving every which way, as if he were trying to get more out of the piano than is possible.

Tucker, although in the main confined to section work, sounds like the freshest bassist to come along since Sam Jones. Not content just to keep time, he involves himself with each soloist as if

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he were carrying on a conversation with him and underlining his statements.

And Roy Haynes! What can you say? That he swings? That he kicks everybody on the date? Mere platitudes. He's more like the source from which the others draw sustenance—a well of life.

Life. That's it. This album is life.
(D.DeM.)

Kenny Dorham

■ JAZZ CONTEMPORARY—Time 52004: *A Waltz; Monk's Mood; In Your Own Sweet Way; Horn Salute; Tonica; This Love Of Mine.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Buddy Enlow, drums; Jimmy Garrison or Butch Warren, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album is an excellent example of why Kenny Dorham has never reached the critical and public acceptance that many less competent trumpet players have achieved. It is an intimately personal album, in no way a commercial product.

All the tunes, except one, exceed five minutes in playing time, and two tunes run over eight minutes. There is no contrived driving excitement. With the exception of one standard, the tunes are generally unfamiliar or original frames on which the musicians hang their ideas.

In short, this is Kenny's album, and he plays what he wants and the way he wants. To the outside listener, the result is somewhat less than earthshaking, but there is an arresting sense of sincerity and truth.

The men accompanying Dorham are not as fully seasoned as their leader, however. Jimmy Garrison is impressive as a future influential bassist. His support on *Sweet Way* is fully evident. The highlight of the album is the beguiling *Monk's Mood*.

Dorham is recorded here as a fine, mature musician. The album is somewhat lacking in fire, excitement, and originality of ideas. Still, this is a good date, well executed, impressively packaged, and particularly suited to Dorham fans and conservative listeners.
(B.G.)

Ray Draper

■ THE RAY DRAPER QUINTET FEATURING JOHN COLTRANE—New Jazz 8228: *Clifford's Kappa; Filide; Two Sons; Paul's Pal; Under Paris Skies; I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You.*

Personnel: Draper, tuba; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Gil Coggin, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Larry Ritchie, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Apparently this talented young musician intends to continue hammering away at the musical limitations of the tuba until the horn is accepted in the front line of jazz. Well, lots of luck.

Technically, Draper has come a long way. Melodically, he is not much closer to forcing a well-constructed chorus from the stubborn horn than he was when he tried the same venture about three years ago.

The major functions served by this album are threefold. It provides an opportunity to air Draper's compositions, which show considerable talent, particularly in voicing and orchestration. And the album keeps Draper before us as a promising jazz artist. But primarily the album presents an imaginative, disciplined Coltrane in one of the most unusual roles

in which he has recorded thus far.

Coltrane eagerly embraces his responsibility as the senior citizen of the group. He settles reassuringly into the ensemble as an invaluable supporting figure and skillfully blends a broad, perfectly shaded tone with Draper's tuba. As a soloist, however, Coltrane's more natural tone and manipulation emerge and his subsequent high sailing choruses serve to exaggerate the many limitations of the tuba. It is on the strength of Coltrane's superb performance that this album makes it.

Draper does manage to begin an effective solo in *Paris* following a rocky transition from the ensemble choruses.

Draper has hit upon the device of substituting many little notes in place of the big ones that are beyond the range of his horn. This not only does not come off melodically but also often gets him into trouble rhythmically, as on *Anyone*, which finally turns into an out-and-out battle between Coggin and Draper.

That he is able to coax even this much melodic response from the tuba is commendable; however, in this age of impending dangers, I doubt that there is time enough left to graduate the tuba into the front line of jazz.
(B.G.)

Lionel Hampton

■ SILVER VIBES—Columbia CL 1486: *Skylark; What's New?; Speak Low; 'Til You Return; Blue Moon; Walkin' My Baby Back Home; Day by Day; For Better or Worse; My Foolish Heart; Poor Butterfly.*

Personnel: Hampton, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; John Mackel or Clifton Best, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson or Elvin Jones, drums; Richard Hixson, Eddie Bert, Robert McGarrity or Santo Russo, Robert Byrne, trombones.

Rating: ★ ★

Nowadays, it seems as if Hampton is content to rest on his laurels and ample technique. Nowhere on this LP does he show the fire and invention of which he's capable; much of his work is double-time cascades of notes and society-style vibes with butterfly-obligato-to-trombone-choir melody.

The arrangements by Flanagan and Teo Macero are usually nothing more than hackneyed background for Hamp. The two exceptions are Flanagan's score of *'Til You Return*, a lovely tune, and *Day by Day*; but these are merely pleasant, not memorable. Flanagan gets a bit pretentious in his scoring of *Butterfly*, and Macero's handling of *Back Home* is either crude satire or else in abominable taste—triplets and backbeats. The trombones sometimes become so heavy they threaten to overcome the vibes.

Blue Moon and *Butterfly* have some trite oriental overtones. Maybe somebody had *Madame Butterfly* in mind instead of the poor one.

Hampton approaches his old self only on *Speak Low* and *What's New?* The extended ending of *Blue Moon* finds him jumping from vibes to xylophone to celeste, which may have some acrobatic significance but is musically meaningless. In fact, there's little of meaning or value in the whole album.
(D.DeM.)

Sam Jones

■ THE SOUL SOCIETY—Riverside RLP 12-324: *Some Kinda Mean; All Members; The Old Country; Just Friends; Home; Deep Blue Cello; There Is No Greater Love; So Tired.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet, or Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jones, cello; Keter Betts or Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The meeting of the society will now come to order. First item on the agenda: "Is Brother Sam Jones taking care of business?" The ayes have it. What an impressive first album as a leader! I personally tend to be more impressed with Jones' bass work, although his unrelenting attack with the cello gives a glimpse into a fairly unexplored region of jazz.

Without exception, the musicians are sympathetic and responsive. Unfortunately, Davis makes no memorable contribution as a soloist. It does no service to him to be poorly recorded on *Just Friends*, in which he comes through like a foggy, distant voice from the next studio.

Both Adderley and Mitchell are interesting and entertaining. Nat is brilliant in his brief statement on *Friends*. Remaining almost entirely in the middle register of his horn, he flirts only occasionally with the higher register. Mitchell's open horn on *Country* sparkles.

Heath is a sleeper whom I believe most "heavy listeners" are bypassing. The young saxophonist is imaginative and creative. His tone is round and warm but not gushy, and he swings like crazy.

Although the boss man is a bassist, Betts is unintimidated. He does not cut Jones anywhere, but he is a more than adequate performer, and his solo on *Mean* really is.

Hayes and Timmons have worked closely enough and long enough with Jones to be in harmony with his musical conception. This section jells and settles down to support the front line. They do not swing as hard as they have on horn dates they have worked together, and there is no place where the steaming cook fest pushes the soloist into the pot, but they provide a tasty, tasteful foundation throughout.

Welcome to the club, Sam.
(B.G.)

George Lewis

■ DR. JAZZ—Verve MG VS 6122: *Royal Telephone; Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall; Chant of the Tuxedos; The Old Spinning Wheel; Bugle Boy March; 219 Blues; Doctor Jazz; Oh, Mary Don't You Weep.*

Personnel: George Lewis, clarinet; Andrew Anderson, trumpet; Robert Mielke, trombone; Joe Robichaux, piano; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The loss of Lawrence Marrero is disarmingly apparent on these tracks. He, Pavageau, and Watkins, long the rhythm components of Lewis' New Orleans-based band, could kick flaring solos and ensembles, but here there is scant hint of this rhythmic fire.

Add to this a weak-kneed trumpeter who seems, at times, unsure of the changes, even melody, and generally shabby ensemble performance, and you have quite a drain on the creative energy of anyone who might have wanted to blow. Trombonist Mielke, one of the sparkplugs of the famed Scarsdale gang in the last 1940s, is here sometimes adequate, sometimes fumbling, sometimes

hackneyed. Robichaux's piano is without punch and shows orientation in directions other than jazz. Watkin's vocals are too many degrees removed from the earthy, plaintive qualities of the blues to be of much interest. And George, who is below par on this date, seems to be working hard to keep interested.

On *Chant of the Tuxedos*, a simple, attractive minor key tune by trumpeter Anderson, there is a genuine cohesive effort to jump and move out in the grand New Orleans stomp manner, and though the chemistry is too weak for any measure of real success, there is plenty of scattered evidence of the higher level of jazz most of these men are capable of performing.

(G.M.E.)

Melba Liston

MELBA LISTON AND HER 'BONES—Metrojazz SE1013: *Blues Melba; The Trolley Song; Pow!; Wonder Why; Christmas Eve; What's My Line Theme; You Don't Say; The Dark Before the Dawn.*

Personnel: Miss Liston, Bennie Green, Benny Powell, Al Grey, trombones; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Joyner, bass; Charlie Persip, drums, tracks 1, 2 and 7.

Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, Frank Rehak, Slide Hampton, trombones (Hampton also plays tuba on tracks 6 and 8); Ray Bryant, piano; George Tucker, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums, tracks 3, 4, 6 and 8.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The variety of material, spare but effective arranging (by Liston and Hampton), and different styles of the soloists involved, keep this album far from the monotony that can set in when so many horns of the same type are used simultaneously.

Melba Liston will surprise a lot of people who have never heard her at length before. She has more than a hint of Lawrence Brown in her background, but her foreground is modern without being stylized. As a woman, she is feminine; as a trombone player, very masculine.

Bennie Green exhibits more of the good form he has shown recently on *Blues Melba*, and Frank Rehak's facility stands out on *Christmas Eve. Pow!*, built on the *How Come You Do Me Like You Do* 16-bar pattern, has some excellent four-bar exchanges among the 'bones with Slide Hampton outstanding. Hampton also shows to advantage on his tuba tracks.

I wonder why *Wonder Why*, featuring Melba all the way, and its ballad companion, *The Dark Before the Dawn*, were chosen to end their respective sides. This is bad pacing, from the standpoint of people who tend to listen to an album as a whole.

Incidentally, the correct order of solos on *Blues Melba* is Powell, Liston, Green, and Grey; on *Trolley Song*, it is Persip and Dunlop. (I.G.)

Harry Lookofsky

STRINGSVILLE—Atlantic 1319: *Round Midnight; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; Move; Give Me the Simple Life; Moose the Mooche; Little Willie Leaps; Champagne Blues; Dancing on the Grave.*

Personnel: Lookofsky, violins, viola; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton or Paul Chambers, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

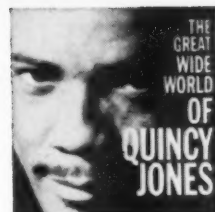
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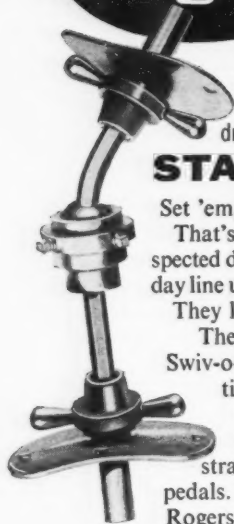
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casionaly brought it off successfully in the past, about all they were able to show was that it *could* be done, for it is significant that nothing ever developed from their efforts.

Harry Lookofsky differs from earlier jazz violinists in that he is oriented toward modern jazz, but it is difficult to look on most of his performances on this disc as anything more than good tricks—the transposition of some modern jazz standards to the violin. Lookofsky bows with agility but, until he gets to *Little Willie Leaps*, he seems so concerned with his phrasing that he misses the swinging quality one looks for in a jazzman. On *Little Willie*, however, he sheds his shackles and steps out with a soundly swinging solo.

The most effective pieces in the set are two that have been arranged by Bob Brookmeyer (*Champagne Blues* and *Dancing on the Grave*) in which Lookofsky has been overdubbed to create a string section (he switches instruments on the others but plays each separately) that is intertwined with Brookmeyer's valve trombone. The warm, swinging character of these pieces in which the strings are used to a great extent for the color and accents they can offer seems to amplify the theory that, even in as skillful hands of Lookofsky's, the violin's best place in jazz is in the background. Meanwhile, however, this set has quite a bit of interest—like the work of Venuti and South—as a novelty. (J.S.W.)

Frank Marocco

LIKE FRANK MAROCCO—Verve MG V-2135: *Southern Fried*; *Frank's Tune*; *Tiny's Blues*; *It Could Happen to You*; *Road to Marocco*; *Lunham Bridges*; *Fascinating Rhythm*; *Umbrella Man*; *Anything Goes*; *Take the "A" Train*.

Personnel: Marocco, accordion; Victor Feldman, vibes; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Lloyd Lunham, bass; Milt Holland, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Marocco is a 29-year-old Chicagoan, who, prior to mid-1958, had been working hotels around the country with a group similar to this one. For the last year and a half he has been a member of the Hollywood studio brigade.

Apparently through no fault of Marocco's, this set, his first, turned out rather tepid. The accordionist's honesty on the liner is quite admirable: "The set is sort of polite jazz, not too far out." Polite is the word, all right; in fact, because of a distinct lack of drive in the rhythm section, it never really gets off the ground.

Tiny's Blues is probably the best track, with Marocco and Feldman stepping out for some plain and unfancy swinging. *Frank's Tune* is melodically more interesting than the other originals.

As a jazzman, Marocco knows where the roots grow. Though an excellent technician, he never permits himself to get carried away by mere technical prowess. His lines are logically developed, and his use of chording is effective and quite exciting at times.

Given more favorable circumstances on his next date (i.e., a really good, hard-swinging rhythm section to put some fire in the proceedings), undoubtedly heartier and more stimulating jazz would result.

For all that this initial LP falls short, keep an eye on Marocco. One of these days he's going to bust loose. (J.A.T.)

Lenny McBrowne

LENNY MCBROWNE AND THE 4 SOULS—Pacific Jazz PJ-1: *Soul Sisters*; *Invitation*; *Dearie Beloved*; *Lazinka's Tune*; *I Married An Angel*; *McBrowne's Galaxy*.

Personnel: Lenny McBrowne, drums; Terry Trotter, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Daniel Jackson, tenor saxophone; Donald Sleet, trumpet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

No matter how barren the present may seem, this album holds great promise for the future of the west coast. This group of young Lochinvars ambitiously attempted a "prestige" album at their first outing. They are partially successful.

On the slow or medium tunes, they occasionally become awkward (hear *Cerise*) or ponderous. The uptempo tunes have a sort of embarrassed swing. *Soul Sisters* is most apologetic for its borrowed phrases. Generally, the pervading handicap is inexperience and lack of personal direction, rather than any considerable lack of technical skill or interpretation. The most impressive members of the unit are McBrowne and Sleet.

McBrowne reveals here that he is acquiring much of the finesse and mastering the subtleties of Max Roach, although he still does not have the magnetic appeal and excitement of his mentor. Sleet apparently will belong one day to that group of pensive, introspective trumpet players headed by such divergent personalities as Miles Davis, Art Farmer, and Kenny Dorham. Sleet sparkles with promise throughout this album. For contrast, examine his work on *Lazinka's Tune*, then hear the reflective solo on *Cerise*.

To be in on the beginning of something big, get this one. (B.G.)

Wes Montgomery

THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY—Riverside RLP 12-320: *Airegin*; *D-Natural Blues*; *Polka Dots And Moonbeams*; *Four on Six*; *West Coast Blues*; *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Mister Walker*; *Gone with the Wind*.

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If anyone took time to examine the ballots of the recent critics' poll closely, they would have seen that I was one of two who voted for Wes Montgomery as No. 1 on the guitar in the established category. This album had a lot to do with my vote. Montgomery is one of the most completely satisfying jazz musicians to come to light in a long time. He is a polished performer—never slick but always in control of what he is doing while imparting a natural, relaxed feeling. His ability to communicate strong emotion without straining is a welcome thing these days.

Pianist Flanagan has established himself as one of the best new pianists of the last few years through consistent performances that combine thinking and impeccable taste with a controlled pilot light of bright burning swing not unlike Montgomery's. The Heath brothers are superb accompanists and help make the group sound like it has been together for

Continued on Page 40

June Christy & Bob Cooper

By Leonard Feather

I was amused by the terribly intense letter from a reader who, because a traditionalist record was low-rated by John Hammond, accused me of some dark plot to use *The Blindfold Tests* for propaganda. The fact is that I had neither heard the record before nor read reviews of it, nor would I know how to distinguish between allegedly "good" and "bad" records by such artists.

The thought came to mind when I conducted the following test at the Bob Coopers' Sherman Oaks home, because, having left most of my own collection in New York, I had to borrow four of the eight records I played for them. Thus half the material for this test was as new to me as it was to Bob and his wife, June Christy.

Not only is it impossible for me to manipulate people's tape-recorded reaction; it is also undesirable from every point of view. Nobody who has seen the violently conflicting views expressed in the tests through the years could seriously suspect that I only print opinions I endorse. On the contrary, I get a kick out of the blindfolded friendly but often forceful disagreement with my views.

Bob and June were given no information about the records played.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



The Records

1. Wes Montgomery. *Wes' Tune*. (from *Montgomeryland*, Pacific Jazz). Wes Montgomery, guitar, composer; Monk Montgomery, electric bass; Tony Bazely, drums.

Bob: The style sounded a little like the things Stan Getz and Johnny Smith used to do with the guitar and tenor, but I don't know who this was. The tenor had kind of a Teddy Edwards approach. I didn't care too much for the feeling the drummer and bass player got together; they missed a little bit in the rhythm section feeling. I like the solos; tenor and guitar and piano all sounded very good.

June: I thought it was very pleasant, though I agree with Coop there was a little rhythm section hassel at one point. I'd rate it about three.

Bob: Right.

2. Annie Ross. *Everything I've Got Belongs to You* (World Pacific). Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone.

June: Play that beginning ad lib part again, will you? . . . (later) That part sounded like Carmen McRae but the rest didn't; so it's probably some brand new star.

Bob: Might have been one of those Annie Ross things . . .

June: Maybe so. At any rate, I liked the record.

Bob: Sounded like Zoot didn't know the tune too well, if that was him. But he's one of my favorite tenor players.

June: Truthfully, I didn't care for this tune. That might influence my feeling about the record, even though it's a good vocal. Was it Annie? She's got the kind of sound I like. I'd give it at least three anyway.

3. Horace Silver. *Break City* (from *Blowing the Blues Away*, Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Gene Taylor, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

June: I like it!

Bob: I don't know who it was, but

I'm going to go out and buy it. I'd take a guess and say it's Horace Silver, who is one of my favorites, though we don't have any of his records. I enjoyed the tenor and the trumpet solo very much although the piano was the outstanding solo.

June: There was one piano part that used clichés, and I usually don't like that, but I enjoyed them here.

Bob: The rhythm section was wonderful, too. I'd give it four stars.

June: How much can we give it—five? I'd say five.

4. Dinah Washington. *Perdido* (from *The Swingin' Miss D*, Mercury). Quincy Jones, arranger; Clark Terry, trumpet.

June: That's wonderful—you know what it reminds me of? It sounds like a street march, and I want to join! Dinah sings with such a great sense of humor, and this is such a perfect example of her work—I enjoy her very, very much.

Bob: She could make *My Country 'Tis of Thee* sound like a blues!

June: Maybe the lyrics are kinda silly, but who pays any attention? There's just such a wave of enthusiasm there, and she carries you right along with it.

Bob: Was that Clark Terry playing trumpet? . . . I liked the arrangement.

June: But Dinah could make anything swing — she's a natural-born swinger . . . Anything that gives me that much pleasure is worth five stars.

Bob: Make mine four.

5. Buddy De Franco. *More Than You Know* (from *Wholly Cats*, Verve). Don Fagerquist, trumpet.

Bob: Sounded like Buddy to me—beautiful clarinet sound.

June: It was beautiful, but not stimulating.

Bob: Trumpet I guess was Don Fagerquist. It was probably done out here and I should know all those guys,

but those are the only two I recognized . . . It was reminiscent of the old Goodman combo tempos for that type of thing. I'd give it three stars.

June: I would say three too; it was pleasant.

Bob: Sounded to me like it slowed down, toward the end.

6. Helen Merrill. *The Meaning of the Blues* (from *You've Got a Date with the Blues*, Metrojazz). Bobby Troup, composer.

June: This is driving me nuts—I'll just admit in front that I didn't know who she is, so that you can tell me and relieve me of the pressure! I'm just sure I know that voice . . . Anyhow, the tune is beautiful. And I like the singer very much indeed; she has a wonderful quality and beautiful range. And I should know who she is—this is bugging me. So I'll just say I enjoy the record very much except that I couldn't identify her, and I was suffering! The lyrics and melody are great. Four stars.

Bob: I certainly agree—including the fact that I don't know who it is. I'd go along with the four stars—it's beautifully done.

7. Bud Shank. *All the Things You Are* (from *Shank Plays Tenor*, World Pacific). Claude Williamson, piano; Don Prell, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Bob: Well, I don't think it was Zoot, but a lot of phrases sounded like him . . . I would guess it was probably Bud Shank playing tenor, with Claude Williamson and maybe Chuck Flores and Don Prell. It was all very nicely played, but with the lack of an arrangement or original material I'd give it about three stars.

June: I have one criticism: I thought the withdrawal of the piano was overdone—it would have been more effective if they had just used it for one brief period. I'm a great admirer of Bud too of course; I'd give it three.

a long time instead of for this one recording date.

The choice of standards and other originals (Rollins' *Airegin* and Brubeck's *Sweet Way*) is fine. Montgomery's originals reveal him as a melodic composer. *West Coast Blues* will knock you out. A good example of how to swing in a time signature other than 4/4. As Don De Micheal pointed out in his review of *Montgomeryland*, when Wes works in an octave style, he carries it off without making it a gimmick.

In the many times I have listened to this album, I have not become tired of it. I don't think I will. To produce easy-listening music with meaning is a high accomplishment. Strongly recommended. Montgomery incredible? I believe him! (I.G.)

Dizzy Reece

★ STAR BRIGHT—Blue Note 4023: *The Rake; I'll Close My Eyes; Groovesville; The Rebound; I Wish on the Moon; A Variation on Monk*. Personnel: Reece, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelley, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Rating: ★ ★

Dizzy Reece's first American record is well played so far as he is concerned, but it doesn't measure up to the earlier set of English performances released by Blue Note that introduced him to this country. What we have here are six over-long pieces most of which start out well but wear out their welcome long before they have run their course. The problem, of course, is that none of the musicians, with the occasional exception of Reece, can maintain interest over the great lengths of space that they are asked to fill. Reece's playing is crisp and clean but it does not have enough distinction to give this set the lift it badly needs. The usually dependable Kelley is satisfied to churn along amiably most of the time.

The best performance on the disc is *The Rake*, an opus in down-home funk which, unfortunately, is quite predictable all the way through. On the two ballads, *I'll Close My Eyes* and *I Wish on the Moon*, Reece shows a generally pleasant melodic conception, and he opens *Eyes* with a light, airy solo that is quite ingratiating in its lack of pretension. He uses his charging power to good effect on *Groovesville*. Yet the net effect of these performances is anonymity—albeit competent, brightly recorded anonymity. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Robert Pete Williams

★ THOSE PRISON BLUES—Folk Lyric FL 109: *I'll Be Glad When I'm from Behind Iron Walls; Lontise; Blue in Me; Come Here, Baby; Tell Me What Is Wrong with You; I Got the Blues So Bad; Booby Woman; Pardon, Desided Again; Army Blues; Blues in the Dark; Make Me a Pallet on the Floor; Angola Special*. Personnel: Williams, vocals and guitar; Hogman Maxey, 12-string guitar (tracks 6 and 8). Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There are several qualities the listener must have in order really to hear *Prison Blues*.

First, one must know that blues consist of the arresting combination of that which

is sung, that which is spoken, and often, that which is neither sung nor spoken, but almost garbled. One must have a penetrating degree of familiarity with the idiomatic references connected with the rural Negro populace in order to understand the implications, the frustrations, and the experiences recorded here.

Robert Pete Williams is a surviving member of a dying breed—the blues singer—who rhythmically emotes his personal observations and experiences through whatever vocal and instrumental techniques he finds necessary.

The tunes here are not happy blues. They are sad blues, suggestive and double-meaning. They are well executed, but Williams, despite his apparent freedom of expression, is almost slavish to a definite pattern evident in his work. His habit of dropping the final syllable, word, or even thought is consistent and well regulated. If he omits something in the first line, he spells it out clearly in the second. Although his speech is often sloven and inarticulate, he relies on his manner of expression and the strum of his guitar to convey the message.

A fine collection of blues, sung by a penal inmate, this album depicts much of the weariness and depression of Williams' former life as well as the frustration of his current confinement. (B.G.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Various Artists

★ SWING AGAIN!—Capitol T1386: *I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown); Two O'Clock Jump (Harry James); Jumpin' At the Woodside (Benny Goodman); Wild Apple Honey (Woody Herman); Intermission Riff (Stan Kenton); No Name Jive (Glen Gray); Eager Beaver (Kenton); Trumpet Blues (James); Stompin' At the Savoy (Goodman); Keeper Of the Flame (Herman); Bizet Has His Day (Brown)*.

Personnel: Unidentified, except for: Bill Ussell, tenor saxophone, Wes Hensel, trumpet, and Don Trenner, piano, on *I've Got My Love*; Doug Parker, piano, and Jackie Mills, drums, on *Two O'Clock*; Mel Powell, piano, Chris Griffin, trumpet, and Hymie Shertzer, alto, on *Woodside*; Bill Perkins and Dick Hafer, tenor saxophones, Cy Touff, bass trumpet, and Charlie Walp, trumpet, on *Honey*; Vido Musso, tenor, and Carl Fontana, trombone, on *Intermission*; Manny Klein and Shorty Sheroc, trumpets, Babe Russin, tenor, Gus Bivona, clarinet, Ray Sherman, piano, and Nick Fatool drums, on *No Name*; Musso, tenor, Ralph Blazie, guitar, Don Badley, bass, and Mel Lewis, drums, on *Eager*; Nick Buono, Phil Cook, Everett McDonald, Conrad Gozzo and Ralph Osborn, trumpets, on *Blues*; Shertzer, alto, Griffin and Ruby Braff, trumpets, on *Savoy*; Serge Chaloff, baritone, Stan Getz and Zoot Sims, tenors, Bill Harris, trombone, Shorty Rogers and Ernie Royal, trumpets, Terry Gibbs, vibes, Lou Levy, piano, Chubby Jackson, bass, and Don Lamond, drums. Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Between them, Capitol producer Fred Grimes and engineer Pete Abbott have accomplished the unenviable task of compiling this better-than-good big band sampler of some of the better known instrumental hits from the 1940s. A 12-year span in recording techniques is represented here and it is to the engineer's credit that the sound is kept surprisingly uniform.

All the tracks, of course, will be familiar to big band aficionados. Both Brown numbers date from 1959 and *The Les Brown*

Story, his last album for Capitol. The James sides were taken from *Harry James in Hi Fi* (1954), and from the same *Hi Fi* series came the tracks by Stan Kenton (1953-54), Benny Goodman (1955) and Glen Gray (1956). Herman's *Wild Apple Honey*, as the partial personnel indicates, is from his 1954 Third Herd, but *Keeper of the Flame* is the original 1948 recording.

Best tracks in the collection are Goodman's, Herman's, and Kenton's. *Keeper* still flames as brightly as it did a dozen years ago. (J.A.T.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Charlie Barnet Quartet, *Jazz Oasis* (Capitol [M] and [S] 1403)

Count Basie and His Orchestra, *Not Now, I'll Tell You When* (Roulette [M] and [S] 52044)

Basso-Valdambri Octet, *New Sound from Italy* (Verve [S] 6152)

Ray Bauduc and Nappy Lamare with the River Boat Five, *On a Swinging Date* (Mercury [M] and [S] 60186)

Charlie Byrd Trio, *Jazz at the Showboat-Vol. 3* (Offbeat [M] OJ 3006)

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, *Sweet and Low Down* (Columbia [M] CL 1469, [S] CS 8260)

Al Caiola-Don Arnone, *Great Pickin'* (Chancellor [M] and [S] 5008)

Eddie Chamblee with Joe Newman, Julian Priester, and Charlie Persip, *Chamblee Music* (Mercury [M] and [S] 60127)

Jimmy Cleveland and His Orchestra, *Cleveland Style* (Mercury [M] and [S] 60121)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Shirley Scott, *Davis with Shirley Scott* (Prestige/Moodsville [M] Vol. 4)

Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Modern Jazz Quartet, Art Farmer, Sonny Rollins, Donald Byrd, and Sonny Stitt, *Modern Moods* (Prestige/Moodsville Vol. 2)

Marge Dodson, *New Voice in Town* (Columbia [M] CL 1458, [S] CS 8252)

Maynard Ferguson Orchestra, *Newport Suite* (Roulette [M] and [S] 52047)

Terry Gibbs, *Terry Gibbs Plays the Duke* (Mercury [M] and [S] 60122)

Benny Goodman, Harry James, Count Basie, and Woody Herman, *Greatest Hits* (Harmony [M] 7255)

Glen Gray Casa Loma Orchestra, *Swingin' Southern Style* (Capitol [M] and [S] 1400)

Bobby Hackett Quartet, *Easy Beat* (Capitol [M] and [S] 1413)

Gene Krupa Orchestra with Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day, *The Gene Krupa Story in Music* (Harmony [M] 7252)

Mound City Six, *Dixieland* (Forum [M] and [S] 16008)

Michael Olatunji, *Drums of Passion* (Columbia [M] 1412, [S] CS 8210)

Kid Ory and Red Allen, *We've Got Rhythm* (Verve [M] and [S] 6162)

Max Roach, *Quiet as It's Kept* (Mercury [M] 20491)

Sonny Stitt, *Sonny Stitt Blows the Blues* (Verve [M] and [S] 6149) [db]

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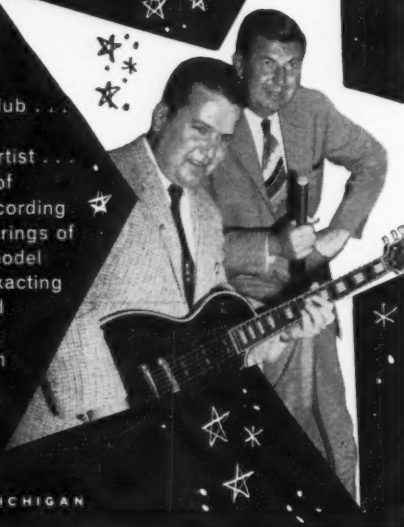


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JAZZTET

Continued from page 23

easy to remember — just a simple melody. Beauty can be simple; beauty can be simplicity."

If that seems conservative, there is Farmer's view to counterbalance it. "We are all human beings before we are musicians," he said, "and we want to be appreciated by our peers. So we try to do something new or different."

"It's got to be taken into consideration in a person's work, that fact that we all *do* want to be appreciated by other human beings. . . . But new for the sake of newness doesn't mean anything. Yet sometimes you can't express yourself in the same language that other people have been using for the last 20 or 30 years. You have to find a language that makes sense to you first. Sometimes a person has to find a language that is most comfortable to him to say what he has to say . . ."

"What I want out of this group is a place where I can feel free to blow, to try new things that I want to try. When I was with Gerry or other groups, I played the way they wanted, which is as it should be. But now I want to do what I want to do. Also, I want this group in order to stay out of the studios."

"I made up my mind a long time ago that I was going to play the trumpet, whether it sounded good or bad. To me, to play is the main thing. If it sounds good, well that's very nice. If it sounds bad, well then that's too bad, but I'm going to play anyway."

"As far as this group is concerned, we're going to play whether it sounds good or bad. At all times we're going to have the group sound as good as we possibly can. *But we're going to play.*"

THUS it can be seen that under what seems to be Farmer's shyness and reticence is a tough-minded determination to forge ahead, no matter what happens. A modified form of the same determination can be found in Golson too.

This is probably the real reason the Jazztet took off like a big bird; this is the reason it continues in its firm course; this is the reason personnel changes rock the boat only slightly. And further personnel changes are inevitable — until Farmer and Golson are satisfied with the group, both for musical integration and the smooth meshing of the personalities within it.

"We have only six men," Golson said. "So each man has to do his job 100 per cent."

"The problem," said Kay Norton, "is that I don't think Art and Benny are going to be satisfied with men of a caliber less than theirs. Such men are hard to find."

feather's nest



By Leonard Feather

With another International Critics poll just past, it is a good time to clear up a subject that arose in the wake of a similar poll four years ago.

After the 1956 results appeared, Stan Kenton sent *Down Beat* a wire implying that the voters had been guilty of a Crow Jim attitude. In a column suggesting that he clarify his position, I asked him to "say it isn't so" (that he was himself showing prejudice). But Stan never answered my questions, presumably preferring to drop a subject already too hot to handle.

Recently, at a party in Hollywood, I ran into Stan and his wife, Ann Richards. Inevitably the matter that had rankled with him for years came up, and I learned a few facts that, had they been publicized at the time, would have done much to cancel the unhappy effect of the telegram.

It is, of course, no secret that the Kenton band members have included Karl George, Ernie Royal, Lucky Thompson, Dave Baker, Curtis Counce, Jesse Price, Gus Chappelle, et al. But it was news to me when Ann disclosed that during the incumbency of a couple of these men, Kenton refused to accept segregated restaurant and hotel conditions, that he similarly declined to defer to Jim Crow in transportation, and that he sacrificed at least four bookings by refusing to bleach his band.

Ironically, the occasion of the last incident was the summer of 1956, at about the time of the poll. Kenton had been booked into four amusement parks. There had been a couple of ugly race incidents in these summer spots, and Stan was told that by bringing in an interracial band, he might attract too much Negro business. He replied that in all conscience he couldn't and wouldn't make any changes in the band. The bookings were canceled.

What is no less significant is that Kenton never tried to gain any publicity mileage out of incidents like this; nothing ever appeared in either the Negro or the white press. These are facts that should have been brought out by the musicians involved, who evidently were reluctant to become part of a controversy, though they apparently had a moral obligation to speak up.

The result of Stan's silence and of theirs was that *Down Beat* readers were left with an unhappy impression of Kenton. The only reason I'm raking it over at this late date is that, accord-

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ing to Ann, this impression never has
died out, and it is high time the record
is set straight.

My position always has been that rac-
ism in any form is obnoxious; as Hen-
toff, Ulanov, and others have pointed
out, the you-can't-swing-without-that-
African-heritage attitude is just as fal-
lacious as the we-white-musicians-
can-play-jazz-too attitude. Both view-
points raise a false issue.

Up to the present, almost all the
vital innovators in jazz have been
Negroes. This has been a situation
governed not by skin texture or bone
structure but by social conditions. As
I wrote in the *Jazz and Race* chapter
in *The Book of Jazz*:

"If jazz had a choice between losing
its force of character and maintaining
its dual nature as a product of two
segregated racial styles, it would be

better for society and for the musician
himself were jazz to perish. Fortun-
ately, this prospect seems most unlikely
. . . As civilization progresses, and
society accepts what it hears without
racial or national stigmas on either side,
jazz . . . will become more than ever
a music of the human being."

So, though I still feel Kenton's tele-
gram was ill-timed and written in a
moment of pique aroused by the poll,
I also believe my own column was
written in the heat of anger against
Kenton and that Stan, for all my dis-
agreements with him, basically is a man
of good will.

I'd prefer to believe his democratic
actions spoke louder, and may be
remembered longer, than his impetuous
words. I'm only sorry that anything as
incidental as a critics poll should have
led to so widespread a misunderstanding.

Caught in the Act

GUNTHER SCHULLER

Circle in the Square, New York City
Personnel: Schuller, conductor; Or-
nette Coleman, alto saxophone; Barry
Galbraith, guitar; Bill Evans, piano;
Buell Neidlinger, bass; Paul Cohen and
Sticks Evans, drums; Eddie Costa, vibra-
harp; Robert DiDomenica, flute; Eric
Dolphy, clarinet, flute, bass clarinet;
Charles Treger and Joseph Schor,
violins; John Garvey, viola, and Joseph
Tekula, cello.

Schuller is beating a big drum for a
music he calls "a third stream." This
new music blends the essence of jazz
and classical into what he hopes even-
tually will become a third kind of music.

Recently, Schuller conducted a con-
cert of his work along these lines, fea-
turing four of his compositions that had
not been performed prior to the all-
Schuller program on the *Jazz Profiles*
series at the Circle in the Square. The
remainder comprised selections previ-
ously played in New York.

The opening number was entitled
Little Blue Devil, the theme of which
had been inspired by a Paul Klee paint-
ing and had been performed last winter
at Carnegie hall by the Minneapolis
Symphony Orchestra conducted by
Antal Dorati. It was in a classical music

vein, with a bright jazz mood running
through its length.

As Schuller pointed out in his in-
troductory announcement, the program
was arranged to build from an emphasis
on the classical form to a jazz climax
at intermission time.

The second number on the program
was the first performance of *Variants
on a Theme of Thelonious Monk*, con-
sisting of several versions of Monk's
Cross Cross. This was followed by an-
other previously presented work, *Con-
versations*.

The fourth selection, *Abstract No. 1*,
had been written specifically for Cole-
man. It was geared to bring the con-
cert to a jazz peak at intermission and
to start the music back down to a clas-
sical mood during the second half of the
program.

It was the only part Coleman had in
the concert, and he made the best of
it. After a short opening with the
strings, Coleman's flashing waves of
sound from his plastic alto almost obliterated the strings. Yet, within the
framework of the strings and rhythm,
Coleman's audacious, unbridled im-
provisations seemed less harsh than
they do with his own small combo.

As though to illustrate the absolute
freedom and spontaneity of jazz, *Ab-
straction No. 1* came to a halt and was
renewed after intermission, to lead off
the second half of the program.

Before the end of *Abstraction*, there
was a frantic ensemble sound when
Dolphy, playing bass clarinet, joined
Coleman. Dolphy's simultaneous im-
provisations wove in and out of the
shrill alto sounds.

Russell cited George Russell, John
Lewis, Bill Russo, and John Benson
Brooks as doing valuable work in the
third music. Musicians and critics will
watch with interest. —George Hoefler

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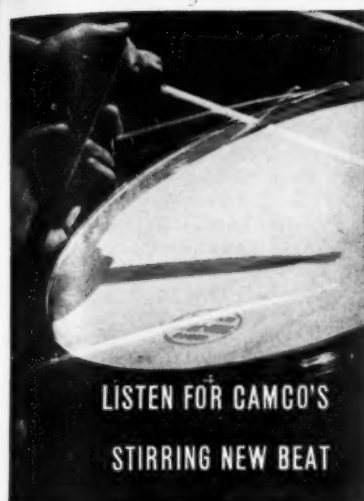
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(Continued)

releases say, "Sit in the open air, relax, and listen to the joyful Harlem music."

Pianist **Barry Harris** will leave the **Cannonball Adderley** group when the alto saxophonist-leader finds a satisfactory replacement . . . **Andy Kirk** revived his **Clouds of Joy** band to play for a moonlight cruise on the Hudson river sponsored by the Negro Actors Guild of America.

Nat Cole has announced the formation of **Kell-Cole Productions** to make feature films. The first project will be an original screen play by **Les Pine** entitled *Don't Send Me Flowers*. It deals with the dramatic events in the life of a jazz musician . . . Folk singer **Odetta** will portray the servant who goes berserk and kills **Temple Drake's** child in the movie *Sanctuary* based on the **William Faulkner** novel. French singer **Yves Montand** also has a part in the film . . . Drummer **Shelly Manne's** original score is used in the film *The Proper Time* . . . **Edward Albee's** play *The Death of Bessie Smith*, now showing in Germany, has scored with audiences there . . . **Jack Gelber's** *The Connection* has passed the first-year mark. It is estimated that the play has been seen by more than 30,000 people and has grossed about \$75,000.

New York's newest Negro newspaper, the *Citizen-Call* gives jazz at least three pages of coverage. Two jazz-minded writers, both women, are responsible. They are **Maely Duffy**, wife of New York *Post* reporter **William Duffy**, and **Louise Davis Stone**, wife of the *Citizen-Call's* editor, **Chuck Stone**. Newsworthy features, record reviews, and short news items are included in the jazz coverage . . . **Duke Ellington** is scheduled to be profiled in *Holiday* by **Alfred Bester** . . . **Charles Delaunay**, French author of the famed *Hot Discography*, has finished a book on the life of **Django Reinhardt** . . . Two books are in the works based on the history of Carnegie hall. They will devote space and pictures to the jazz artists who have performed in the concert hall . . . **E. Sinclair Traill**, editor of England's *Jazz Journal*, was in Manhattan for a few days after the Newport Jazz festival and announced that his *Just Jazz No. 4*, an English series of jazz books, will be published in September. Jazz critic **Gerald Lascelles** collaborated with him on the latest edition.

When the Metropole management tried to get a remote pickup on NBC radio's *Monitor* during **Gene Krupa's** engagement, the network brass said, "Small-town stations will not take jazz or loud music, but we'll interview **Krupa**." . . . **Nat Hentoff** has resigned from his show on WNCN-FM. His old

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OILS

tapes are being played until a replacement can be found. Rumored to be preparing shows to replace Hentoff's *Jazzmakers* are **Barry Ulanov**, singer **Bill Henderson**, and San Francisco's **Ralph Gleason** . . . A recent addition to the growing coverage of jazz on the radio in the Metropolitan area is station WFHA-FM in Red Bank, N. J. **Ray (Raybo) Boyce** is the jazz disc jockey there. He is on nightly at 6:30 p.m. with *Haybo's Roost*. On Saturdays he has three other shows, all with jazz programming . . . **Mort Fega** of WEVD in New York recently broadcast **Billie Holiday** and **Clifford Brown** memorial programs.

U.S. Rep. **Adam Clayton Powell** (D-N.Y.) introduced a bill authorizing the President to present a gold medal to Louis Armstrong "in recognition of his services abroad as a good-will ambassador for the United States." . . . Trumpeter-arranger **Neal Hefti** and his wife, former singer **Frances Wayne**, have moved to Palm Springs, Calif., to live . . . Some of the jazz club waiters are not too pleased with the reduction of the amusement tax from 20 per cent to 10 per cent. They say most customers tip a percentage of the entire check, and the tips now are lower.

IN PERSON

African Room—**CHIEF BEY**.
Basin Street East—**JOHNNY NASH**, **DODO GREENE**, **SAL SALVADOR** Band; weekend Aug. 18, 19, 20.
Birdland—**MAYNARD FERGUSON** Orchestra, **ART BLAKEY** Jazz Messengers, Sept. 1-14.
Condon's—**BOBBY HACKETT** Band.
Embers—**RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, **RALPH FLANAGAN** Quartet, until Aug. 27. **HAROLD QUINN** Trio, Aug. 29-Sept. 10.
Five Spot—**GEORGE RUSSELL** Sextet, until Aug. 21.
Half Note—**HERBIE MANN** Afro-Cuban Band, until Sept. 4.
Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK** Quintet.
Metropole—**JACK TEAGARDEN** Sextet, until Aug. 21. **GENE KRUPA** Quartet, Aug. 22-Sept. 11.
Nick's—**PEE WEE ERWIN** Dixieland Jazz Band.
Roosevelt Hotel—**LENNY HERMAN** Band, until Sept. 1. **SAMMY KAYE** opens in Sept.
Roundtable—**DICK HAYMES** and **FRAN JEFFRIES**, **JOHNNY LA SALLE** Quartet. **HARRY EDISON** Quartet, until Aug. 20. Closed until Sept. 5. **RED NICHOLS** Five Pennies, Sept. 5-Oct. 1.
Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.
Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** Quintet.
Village Vanguard—**CHARLIE BYRD** Trio, **LES MCCANN** Trio, until Sept. 4. **GERRY MULLIGAN** Concert Band, Sept. 6-18.

BOSTON

George Wein's PAMA Productions presents an outdoor jazz festival at Pleasure Island in Wakefield on August 26-27. The Friday night concert scheduled the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, **Gene Krupa** Quintet, **Dakota Staton**, **Nina Simone**, **Horace Silver** Quintet, **Buck Clayton** All-Stars, **Pee Wee Russell**, **Vic Dickenson**, and others.

The second evening has **Duke Ellington** and his Orchestra, **Dinah Washington**, **Four Freshmen**, **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, **Thelonious Monk** Quartet, **Oscar Peterson** Trio, and others.

Storyville Cape Cod continues through the season with **Gene Krupa** and **Andy and the Bey Sisters** (July 29-

Aug. 7), **Kingston Trio** with comic, **Lenny Maxwell** (Aug. 8-16), **Pete Seeger** (Aug. 17-21), comic **Shelley Berman** (Aug. 22-28). Closing attraction will be folk singer **Odetta** set for August 29 through September 5 . . . No plans have been announced for reopening Storyville Boston in the fall.

The Ebb Tide at Revere Beach has had Sunday afternoon jam sessions with the following group: **Ernie Perry**, tenor saxophone; **Vahey Takvorian**, trombone; **Ray Olivari**, bass; **Charlie Perry**, drums and guest pianist . . . Jazz disc jockey **Wally O'Hara** taped an hour's performance of the new **Herb Pomeroy** Band for his WEEI radio show. **John McClellan** also presented the band on his WHDH-TV show *Jazz Scene* . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** completed an engagement at the Frolics Salisbury Beach in mid-July . . . **Dinah Washington** headlined the Frolics at Revere Beach . . . Hampton Beach Casino had one-nighters for dancers with the **Lester Lanin** Band followed by the **Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra under **Warren Covington's** direction . . . The last meeting of the season for Massachusetts Jazz Society included the performance of a trio comprised of **Chic Cornea**, piano; **Phil Pinakis**, bass; and **Joe Locatelli**, drums.

WASHINGTON

Eddie Phyfe is back again with the **Charlie Byrd** Trio at the Showboat lounge, replacing drummer **Bertell Knox**. **Knox** replaced **Phyfe** two years ago . . . Local musician **Melvin Davis Rees Jr.** has been charged with five grisly psychotic murders dating back to 1957. He is scheduled to come to trial in the fall . . . Foreign policy isn't the only thing that New York Gov. **Nelson Rockefeller** differs with the administration about. When the King of Thailand, a famed jazz enthusiast, came to town recently, the State Department hired **Guy Lombardo**, of all people, to entertain him. **Rockefeller**, more aware about such matters, had **Benny Goodman** performing at his party for the king in New York. When a reporter asked a top State Department press officer, "Why in the world Guy Lombardo?" the official couldn't understand the reason for the question.

A Senate commerce subcommittee began public hearings Aug. 10 on legislation to crack down on payola and similar cancers. The Senate will probably wind up with a bill similar to the one that passed the House . . . **Big Bill Decker** now heads the house band at the Bayou. **Wild Bill Whelan**, popular trumpet-playing leader of the Dixie group at the Bayou for a good many years, strained a muscle in his neck in the midst of a hot chorus earlier this year and was forced to retire, temporarily at least . . . **Charlie Byrd** signed

(Continued on Page 48)

TAKE



by John Tynan

'Round about solstice, Hollywood's tourist season starts to swing. This is the time I love best because then I get the chance to speak to all those jazz-loving tourists who come to town armed with only two weapons—money and the *Down Beat* phone number. Not that I begrudge them their money, or even possession of the phone number; it's their timing that bugs me. Invariably, the tourist calls pour in at deadline time.

As a general rule, the callers are polite but firm. After the opening query, "Uh, I'm from out of town, and I was wondering what's happening with jazz here right now," my standard reply used to be, "It's gone underground," which never failed to break them up.

Nowadays, though, I just tell them to explore the coffee houses.

An evening on the coffee-house beat can produce some odd sensations. Take the Bit coffee house, for example. The Bit can create for a customer the sensation of being seated in a Turkish bath fully clothed. And if you can envision a Turkish bath packed tight as a BMT car at 5:15 p.m. on an August afternoon, you've got the image.

But Les McCann's Trio is worth the perspiration. McCann, for all his funk and go-to-prayer-meetin' stomping, is essentially a romantic, a rhapsodist even. With Herbie Lewis on bass and Ron Jefferson on drums, this trio is an enormously exciting group to watch as well as listen to. The leader exhibits many of Oscar Peterson's mannerisms at the keyboard; the grunts, the humming, and the rest. I doubt if it's an affectation. McCann is quite a salesman, but he's not a phony.

Decidedly easier to find, the Village West is located on Sunset next door to what used to be the Westlake College of Music. It is a mite sophisticated, decidedly unbeatnik, and literally cooler because of smoothly functioning air-conditioning.

The resident Teddy Edwards Quartet, comprising Edwards, tenor saxophone; Joe Castro, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums, presents jazz of more polished stripe than that purveyed by the McCann group. Quite certainly the jazz merited more attendance than showed during the before-midnight hours.

Possibly the most pleasant and com-

fortable of the Hollywood coffee houses is called Bravo. It's located on La Cienega Blvd., and the twist here is that the piano player, Gene Russell, owns the place.

Russell heads a hard-swinging trio similar in instrumentation to, but quite different in approach from, that of McCann's. With Ray Miller on bass and Bobby Tinsley on drums, the three most likely will romp through a medium-tempoed *Love for Sale* or wail many examples of the blues.

For all the plush, upholstered booths, smart table lights, and lack of admission charge, business at Bravo was even

worse than at the Village West. Russell said the place didn't really come alive until after 2 a.m., when a covey of jazz players converged on the sidewalk in front of the club for a bit of precession gossip. Usually, said the owner, playing continues till 4 a.m.

Russell said he expects to have beer and wine on sale at Bravo by mid-July.

So much for three typical Hollywood coffee houses in which jazz is increasingly finding itself at home. Naturally, there are others, such as Ben Shapiro's Renaissance on the Sunset Strip. I didn't make the Renaissance, though. How much strawberry glacé can one take?

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(Continued from Page 46)

to play the Monterey Jazz festival.

The **Ella Fitzgerald** show at the Carter Barron amphitheater in Rock Creek park won wide praise. Even usually square movie reviewers liked it. Performing with Ella under the stars were the **Oscar Peterson Trio** and **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**. The season's other jazz show at Carter Barron teams **Louis Armstrong** and **Count Basie's Band**, Aug. 9-15 . . . **Orrin Keepnews** recorded pianist **Dick Morgan** in action at the Showboat lounge for Riverside Records.

There were two fine jazz combos in the annual all-army entertainment contest at nearby Fort Belvoir, Va.: the **Billy Vencel Sextet** from Fort Hood, Texas, representing Fourth Army, and the **King's Men** from Fort Meade, Md., representing Second Army. Fifth Army's **Jerry Grant Quintet** also was impressive. Winner of the instrumental soloist award was versatile trumpeter Pfc. **Peter Laurino** of the King's Men, whose approach ranged from **Harry James** to **Dizzy** . . . **Toots Thielemans** a hit during a week at the Showboat . . . Sen. **Russell Long** (D-La.) put a few hundred words concerning Dixieland jazz into the *Congressional Record* following a visit by the Dukes of Dixieland to the old Senate office building. "I understand," said the senator, "that our first astronaut will be a hot trumpet man." . . . Veteran Washington bassman **Mert Oliver** heads a trio at Lenardo's.

MONTREAL

Pianist **Wynton Kelley**, who was supposed to come in to the Little Vienna for a weekend during the early summer, couldn't make it and had to be replaced at the last minute by Montreal jazz violinist **Willy Girard**. With the crowds dropping off, the Little Vienna subsequently dropped its jazz policy for July and August, but should resume any day now . . . **Moses Asch** of Folkways Records was in town recently to attend a librarians' convention and to push his wares. Public record libraries are becoming quite common these days, it seems.

Buddy Jones' Trio was at the Penthouse in July. Ditto singer **George Guetary**, who was booked into the Bellevue casino . . . **Big Jay McNeely** rocked 'em for two weeks in midsummer . . . **Carlos Ramirez** appeared at the Faisan Bleu recently . . . **Tommy Desmond** (not Johnny D) came into town for a gig at the Venus De Milo room.

Due to a transmitter failure, AM station CBM was forced to operate on 1/50th of its usual power for several days during the summer. Delayed replacement of a part not kept in stock by manufacturers was given as the reason.

Regular programing was maintained though, including *Cue for a Combo*, *Chotem 9-5-3-1*, *Jazz at Its Best*, and other regular jazz shows the station carries . . . *Jam on Both Sides*, a CBC-TV show carried on the network Saturday evenings after the late news, featured **Denny Vaughn**, **Al Baculis**, **Ed Assaly**, and **Francois Morel**.

CHICAGO

There's one thing about the Windy City: if you look hard enough, you can find just about any type jazz you can name. Besides the name groups that regularly grace the scene and the many modernists featured at innumerable (almost) sessions, there are plenty of old-time jazzmen and blues singers scattered about the environs of Chicago. One group of almost-forgotten traditionalists is the **Gold Coast Jazz Band**, which plays Mondays at Catfish Row. Included in the personnel are **Al Wynn** (known among collectors for an early record with trumpeter **Punch Miller**), trombone; **Art Gronwald**, piano; **Ransom Knowling**, bass; **Booker T. Washington**, drums; **Bob Sundstrom**, banjo; **Ted Buttermann**, trumpet; **Bob Skiver**, clarinet. Other old-timers still around are **Ike Robinson**, banjoist and guitarist on some old recordings, and blues pianist **Blind John Davis**.

Bob Koester of Seymour's record shop and Delmar Records reports that **Speckled Red**, blues recording artist and boogie pianist, has completed his London, England, engagement and will spend most of the summer touring the continent . . . **Memphis Slim**, blues singer and pianist, is now completing a London run . . . **Little Brother Montgomery**, boogie pianist and singer supreme, left the end of July to play an overseas engagement. The place? You guessed it—London. He will later play Denmark. **Little Brother** cut an album for Prestige shortly before he left . . . **Paul Oliver**, British bluesologist, found the South Side a fertile ground for blues research. He's compiling a definitive work on the blues.

Woody Herman's Umpteenth Herd played a one-nighter at the University of Chicago. Herman emphasized that the men making the road scene with him are the same ones whom he uses on recordings. The members of the band are **Bill Chase**, **John Bennett**, **Don Rader**, **Bill Berry**, **Ziggy Harrell**, trumpets; **Jimmy Guinn**, **Bob Jenkins**, **Kent McGarity**, trombones; **Don Lanphere**, **Gordon Brisker**, **Mickey Folus**, **Pepper Adams**, saxes; **Alex Cirin**, bass; **Marty Harris**, piano; **Jimmy Campbell**, drums.

Ira Sullivan left Bebe's for two weeks to work with the **Pat Moran Trio** in Minneapolis . . . A recent visitor (during the Republican National Convention) was **Steve Allen**. Rumor has

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it that he was trying to find legendary blues singer **Blind Orange Adams**.

IN PERSON
Cafe Continental—CLANCY HAYES, DIXIE-CRAITS, ION LEE SCOTT.
Cloister Inn—JIM BACKUS opens Aug. 13 for eight days.
Easy Street—RICK FRIGO Trio, CARL HAYANO Trio added weekends. MICKEY ONATE Trio opens opposite Frigo Aug. 9.
Huckster—JACK MAHEU Quartet.
Jazz, Ltd.—BILL REINHARDT group; TUT SOPER, intermissions.
Kitty Kat—DUKE GRONER Trio.
London House—GEORGE SHEARING Quintet. TYRRE GLENN opens Aug. 30.
Mister Kelly's—MORT SAHL.
Red Arrow (Stickney)—Georg Brunis Band, Wednesday, Thursday; FRANZ JACKSON Original Jass All-Stars, Fridays, Saturdays.
Roberts Show lounge—DINAH WASHINGTON. BUDDY RICH opens Aug. 10.
Scotch Mist—TOM PONCE Trio.
Sutherland—JOHN COLTRANE Quartet until Aug. 14. NAYNARD FERGUSON Band, Aug. 24-29.
Swing Easy—GENE ESPOSITO Quartet (weekends).
Tradewinds—TONY PASTOR until Aug. 25.

LOS ANGELES
Still in the formative stage, **Debbie Reynolds'** upcoming ABC-TV special Oct. 27 will feature the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet. Miss Reynolds reportedly insisted on having the group on the show. Adderley and friends will tape their portion of the program (*This Here?*) while filling an engagement at the Zebra lounge here beginning Sept. 28.

East Hollywood's Sanbah room slips into high jazz gear with an impressive lineup of incoming talent (see **IN PERSON**). **Ornette Coleman's** stand at the spot will mark his first Los Angeles appearance since B.C. (Before Controversy) . . . The British Musicians Union prohibited André Previn from playing piano on England's Granada TV network during his recent visit to Europe. Said the M.U., "He's a jazz piano player; not an act." André reportedly retorted, "Guess I should've worn a funny hat." . . . **Duke Ellington** and orchestra recorded part of the soundtrack for the film, *Paris Blues*, in Hollywood following the folding of S.F.'s Fack's II where the band was due to appear in July . . . Reed man **Paul Horn** and vibist **Emil Richards** joined **Frank Sinatra** for the singer's 10-day gig at Atlantic City's 500 Club in July.

Don Fisher and **Don Erjavic** of the American Jazz society presented their Monterey festival band in a premiere concert at the Local 47 auditorium July 27. The band, whose personnel ranges in age from 13 to 18 years, is scheduled to work the Monterey affair this year . . . Wives of Hollywood musicians have formed *Musicians' Wives, Inc.*, a club presumably dedicated to securing more gigs for the menfolk and donating time and effort to charitable organizations.

IN PERSON
Basin Street (La Cienega)—GARNER CLARK Dixieland band.
Ben Pollack's—RAY BAUDUC and the Dixielanders, weekends.
Bravo (La Cienega)—GENE RUSSELL Trio,

Wednesdays through Sundays.
Casino Ballroom (Avalon)—ED GRADY Orchestra.
Dragonwyck (Pasadena)—CHARLIE LLOYD Quartet, weekends.
Drift Inn (Malibu)—BUD SHANK Quartet, weekends.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—RAY McGINNIS Trio with alternating guests HERB GELLER, alto; BILL PERKINS, tenor; FRANK ROSOLINO, trombone.
Excusez Moi (La Cienega)—BETTY BENNETT, weekends.
Gay 90's (Long Beach)—GENE BOLEN and his Jazz Band, nightly.
Huddle (Wilshire and La Brea)—BETTY BRYANT, piano.
Insomniac (Hermosa Beach)—International Jazz Quartet, Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays.
Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernardino)—EDGAR HAYES, piano, nightly.
Kismet Club (W.L.A.)—ART DE PEW big band, Mondays.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—Name jazz groups Sundays. Howard Rumsey's All-Stars, Mondays through Saturdays.
Renaissance—PAUL HORN Quintet, Fridays and Saturdays; BILLY HIGGINS Three, Wednesdays and Thursdays; BESSIE GRIFFIN and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.
Sanbah (E. Hollywood)—The Three Sounds, until Sept. 5; BARNEY KESSEL Quartet, Sept. 7-26; EDDIE CANO group, Sept. 28-Oct. 10; ORNETTE COLEMAN Quartet, Oct. 12-31; RAMSEY LEWIS Trio, Nov. 9-28.
Sportsman (Costa Mesa)—JACKIE JOCKO, piano-vocals; JOE PETERS, drums. Nightly except Sundays until October.
Sundown—ALLYN FERGUSON big band, Mondays.
The Bit—CHARLIE LLOYD Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
The Blue Beet (Newport Beach)—ART PEPPER Quartet, Fridays and Saturdays; Sunday sessions.
The Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—VINCE WALLACE, tenor saxophone; CLYDE CONRAD Trio.
The Losers—PETE JOLLY, piano; RALPH PENA, bass; UKIE SHARON, piano.
Wind and Sea (Santa Monica)—BILL BEAU Trio, nightly except Tuesdays and Wednesdays.
Zebra Lounge (Central and Manchester)—JIMMY SMITH Trio; CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, Sept. 28-Oct. 10; EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS with JOHNNY GRIFFIN, Oct. 25-Nov. 7.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena)—ROSY McHARGUE Band, nightly.

SAN FRANCISCO
Dodo Marmarosa currently dwelling in Frisco suburbia with a possible local gig upcoming . . . **Mabel Mercer** now ensconced in The Other Room at the hungry i . . . **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** open this week at Outside-at-the Inside in Palo Alto. **Vince Guaraldi's** trio and jazz tap dancer **Tommy Conine** continue. **Irene Kral** is also booked for the club . . . **Stan Wilson** at Anne's 440 for his first local gig in some time . . . **Les Brown** set for the Claremont hotel in September kicking off the spot's new policy of names . . . **Jim Purcell** trio at Zack's . . . The 2-Cs on Mission St. now running jazz six nights a week. **Fred Merge**, back from a road trip with **Al Belletto**, is being featured on trombone . . . **Ray Charles** played a one-nighter at the Oakland auditorium last month.

Gerry Mulligan's big band into the Black Hawk in September after Mulligan's date at the Monterey Jazz festival . . . **John Coltrane's** group set to make its coast debut in September at the Jazz Workshop. **Jimmy Smith's** trio and the **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin** Quintet preceded it . . . **Lenny McBrowne** split from the **Montgomery Brothers** group to re-form his own unit for a date at the Bit in L.A. Aug. 1.

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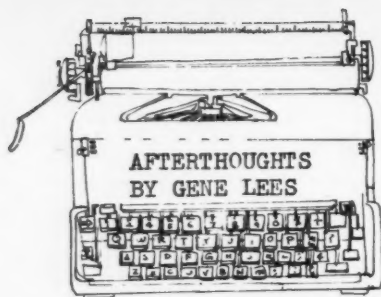
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One night not long ago, I was in a bar in New York's Greenwich Village with vibraharpist Peter Appleyard and guitarist Jim Hall. Jim showed me a copy of the New York *News*, Sunday edition. Splattered across the front page in 108-point type was the headline JAZZ MAN IN SLAYING OF 4.

As I read the story, I began to reden with anger. "Isn't that something?" Jim said. For there was no evident connection between the musician in question — someone named Melvin Davis Rees—and jazz.

Rees, charged with the kidnap and murder of four members of an Apple Grove, Va., family, "plays the saxophone," according to the *News* story, and taught music. Apparently, in the lexicon of the *News* staff, that is enough to make him a "jazz man."

In the next few days, I asked almost

every jazz musician I ran into whether he had ever heard of Melvin Davis Rees. None had—none, that is, but arranger Bill Potts. Bill comes from Washington, D.C., where Rees apparently worked at times. Bill said he'd heard of Rees. "Is he a jazz musician?" I asked. Bill smiled slightly and said, "No, not really."

Why the daily press persists in these distortions of jazz (and the coverage of the Newport festival riots provided several gorgeous examples of it) may seem puzzling. But headline writers, alas, have a certain set of preconceived notions and clichés in their heads. And apparently the very words "jazz man" conjure in their minds an image of a wild-eyed and antisocial libertine whose veins are filled not with blood but with a solution of heroin suspended in alcohol. Nothing could be more false.

America's newspapers claim to be in touch with American life—with having their finger on the pulse of the nation, to use a mellow old journalistic stereotype. Their treatment of jazz is just one of the many indications that the claim is unjustified. Virtually every paper in any city of any size has someone writing on classical music; yet jazz, which commands the interest of a big segment of the reading public and actually reflects every subtle shift in the American society, goes largely ignored. Papers like the San Francisco *Chronical*, which

is aware of the significance and nature of jazz, are altogether too rare.

Thus it is on many papers. Young newspapermen struggle to reflect the society that they are in touch with, editors who are no longer with it resist. Thereby they make their papers look like they just don't know what the hell is happening. One cannot help but wonder if they are generally as out of touch with other phases of American life as they are with jazz. In my experience, the answer all too often has been a firm Yes.

Given this out-of-touchness with society, the vestiges of yesteryear's jazz image, and the hunger of tabloid-styled papers like the *News* and the New York *Mirror* for the lurid, you can be sure that cases like the one that angered Jim Hall will recur.

But the jazz musician perhaps can find a meager consolation in the thought that his isn't the only profession that is maligned by the tabloids. Every time some cheap tart who once had her picture in the Podunk *Trombone* gets herself busted, the headline will read BEAUTIFUL MODEL SEIZED IN LOVE NEST SCANDAL. And every time they arrest some clown who once played *Stumblin'* on a kazoo for a high-school amateur contest, the headline writers are going to describe him as a "jazz man."

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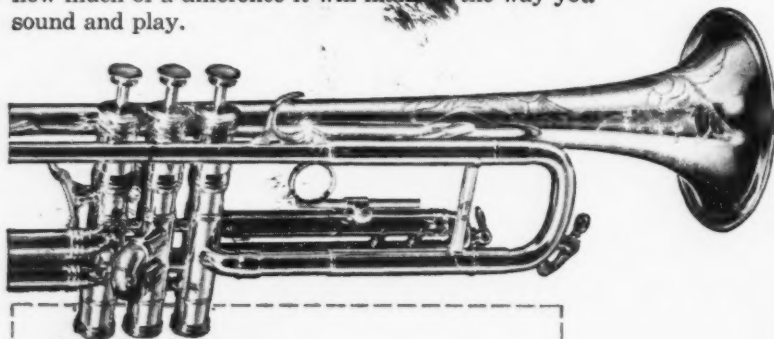
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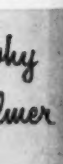
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